

THE GRAPHIC

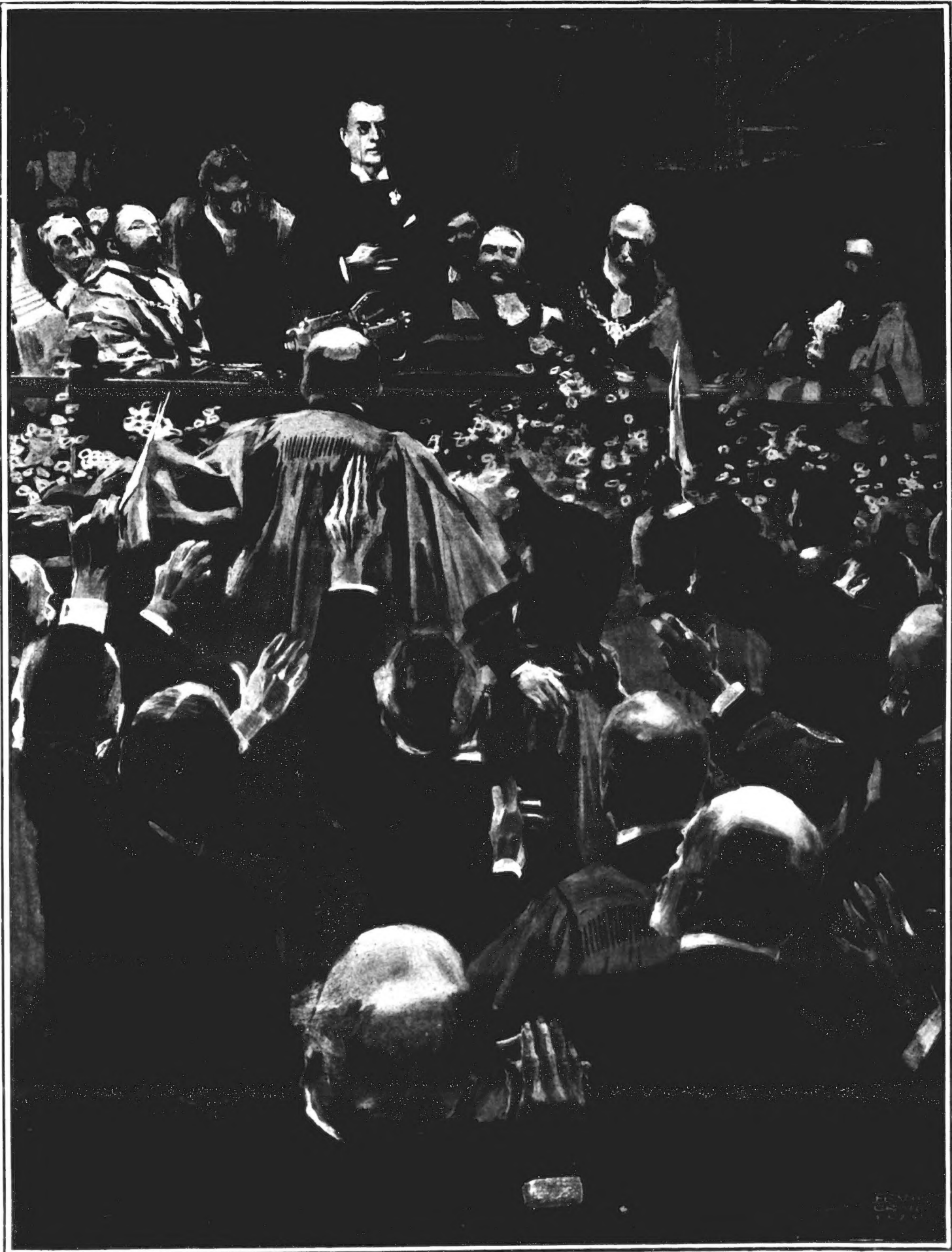
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE CITY'S ADDRESS: RISING TO SPEAK AT THE RECEPTION IN THE GUILDHALL

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY FRANK CRAIG

Topics of the Week

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance

THE reception by the organs of public opinion abroad of the new Treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Japan is an excellent and gratifying testimony to the high merits of that compact. That the foreigner is altogether pleased with it cannot be said. If he were, perhaps Mr. Chamberlain's dictum, that the praise of the outside world is the measure of England's defects, would apply. The Treaty is acknowledged to be a brilliant stroke of diplomacy; it is held to be a proof that with all her pre-occupations in South Africa, Great Britain is vigilant, and her statesmanship is adequate to her manifold and burdensome responsibilities. It is acknowledged that it vastly strengthens the British position in the Far East, and finally it is scoffingly protested that it was quite unnecessary, as nobody had the slightest intention of disturbing the *status quo* in the China seas. Of all these reflections, perhaps the most pleasing to Englishmen will be the last. The object of the Treaty is precisely to put the foreigner permanently in the frame of mind represented by this assurance. There have been plenty of pledges to respect the *status quo*, and in not a few cases they have proved veils for enterprises having an exactly opposite aim. The new Treaty aims at assuring the observance of these pledges, and in this it will succeed. The main source of the satisfaction with which the alliance is regarded abroad is, however, that it relieves nearly every country of a considerable load of anxiety. The Far East has for some years past been a veritable powder magazine to the peace of the world. With every desire to restrain their ambitions, certain Powers have found themselves unable to resist the temptation of gratifying them while the only obstacles in their path were rivals who made the best of a "splendid isolation." This has been the chief element of instability in Eastern Asiatic politics. The new Treaty establishes a political equilibrium in the Far East, and thus renders peace almost certain.

Cost of the Fighting Services

So far as the opinions of naval and military experts can yet be gathered, they appear to be reasonably satisfied with the provision made by the Government for their respective services. The ear catches, of course, plenty of criticism on details, but on the whole, these carpings are less sharp than is usually the case. There is very little difference from last year's expenditure in the sums requisitioned for the Navy and for the ordinary service of the Army. But the latter is necessarily greatly swollen by war expenditure, and had the estimate included the whole of the ensuing financial year, the total would probably exceed the current year's vast outlay. Mr. Brodrick, however, out of mercy for the groaning taxpayer, and remembering, perhaps, that Coronation Year will necessitate increased expenditure by most of His Majesty's loyal subjects, contents himself with looking forward to the middle of next December. By that date many things may have happened, including the end of the war, and although additional disbursements look to be inevitable, even the most astute financier could not now calculate their amount with even an approach to exactness. In the meanwhile, mining and agricultural rehabilitation will more and more fatten the revenues of the two new colonies thus rendering it easier for Sir M. Hicks-Beach to raise a large loan on the hypothecation of those securities. By adopting that simple method of meeting charges not provided for in the present Army Estimates, the Chancellor would kill two birds with one stone. Instead of increasing home taxation, he might possibly find himself in a position to lighten the burden to some extent, while it would no longer be in doubt as to whether the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony were to be called upon to contribute to the cost of warfare for which their rulers were wholly responsible. In any case, it is most pleasant to believe that the ensuing Budget may be balanced without any further twist of the fiscal screw.

Municipal Duties

ONE of the most valuable services that Lord Rosebery has rendered to his country is the example he has set with regard to municipal work. He was the first chairman of the London County Council, and threw himself into the details of the work of that body with a zeal beyond all praise. He has since served on the less well-known and less exacting body that watches over the interests of the urban district of Epsom. With such experience behind him, Lord Rosebery is entitled to lecture his fellow-countrymen on their duty as citizens. And the lecture is certainly needed. It is one of the most discouraging circumstances in connection with local self-government that the best men in a locality will seldom come forward to take part in municipal

work. Some shrink from the unpleasantness of a popular election; others are frankly lazy. As a consequence in many localities power is thrown into the hands of persons some of whom have axes of their own to grind. This is specially the case with the duties which create but little popular interest, such as the work discharged by Boards of Guardians. There is probably no downright corruption, but there are a good many transactions on the border line, and a grievous waste of public money. An improvement would undoubtedly be effected by the abolition of some of those smaller bodies and the merging of their duties in those of bodies that loom larger in the public eye. But when all such administrative reforms as are possible have been effected, the working of the municipal machine will still be unsatisfactory unless the best men will consent to put their shoulders to the wheel. In the long run people get that kind of government that they deserve. If men of property and intelligence stand aside and refuse to take their share of public work they have no right to complain when the work is badly done. Neither in social nor in individual life is it possible to secure satisfactory results by shirking obligations.

The Court

THE King and Queen have been spending a comparatively quiet time at Marlborough House. There have been no Court functions and few visitors this week, but the King has been fully occupied with State affairs, giving audiences and considering arrangements for the Coronation. His Majesty pays the closest personal attention to all Coronation details, and spent a long time at Westminster Abbey one afternoon, discussing with Lord Esher the arrangements for the ceremony and the position of the various chief personages concerned. The alterations at Buckingham Palace are also closely followed, King Edward being there on Saturday afternoon to see how the work progresses. Even now it will be some time before their Majesties can settle into the Palace, for so much remains to be done. On her side, the Queen has been busy with charitable undertakings, and one afternoon went, with Princess Victoria, to the Cheyne Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children at Chelsea. Queen Alexandra had not been there for two and a half years, but she found some of the same children whom she saw at her last visit, and was greatly interested in talking to them. The Queen and Princess went through all the wards, and spoke to most of the patients. On Sunday, the King and Queen, with Princess Victoria, attended Divine Service in the Marlborough House Chapel, and Princess Christian came to lunch to accompany their Majesties and their daughter to the New Gallery, where they inspected the collection of portraits of the Monarchs of Great Britain and Ireland. Both the King and Queen went out of town for the week-end, Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria returning to Sandringham, while King Edward paid a visit to Lord and Lady Burton at Rangenmore, near Burton-on-Trent. His Majesty will inspect the local breweries during his stay, and will be back in town on Monday.

With the reign of Edward VII. "Drawing Rooms" have died out, and the first of their successors, a "Diplomatic and Official Court," takes place on the 14th prox. at Buckingham Palace. This will be a most important event, full of innovations. The ceremony does not begin till ten p.m., and the arrangements in the Throne Room will be quite different, as instead of the Princes and Princesses being ranged in a long line by the side of the Sovereign, the King and Queen will stand out well in front, while the members of the Royal Family are grouped in a semicircle behind their Majesties. So many diplomatic and official personages must be invited that there will be very little room for anyone else, as their Majesties are determined not to overcrowd their Courts. Speaking of State ceremonies, it is nearly decided that the Queen will wear a white satin gown and purple velvet mantle at the Coronation. Her ladies-in-waiting will be robed in white and gold, and the maids-of-honour in white and silver. Further, it is suggested that Her Majesty's train should be carried by her three daughters.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have gone to Sandringham for a short rest, as the Prince is very full of engagements for the next few weeks—chiefly provincial visits. He will preside at the annual festival dinner of the London Orphan Asylum on April 23. Wales looks forward eagerly to the Prince's installation as Chancellor of the Welsh University, and, after much rivalry, Bangor is the fortunate town chosen for the ceremony, on May 9. Probably the Court for the installation will be held at Gwydyr Castle, which Earl Carrington has offered. The Princess of Wales will christen the new battleship *Prince of Wales* on March 25. The King and Queen's eldest daughter, Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, kept her 35th birthday on Thursday.—Princess Henry of Battenberg gives great help to the various military philanthropic institutions in the Isle of Wight. Accompanied by her daughter and second son, the Princess was present at a musical matinee given by the officers of the 3rd Northumberland Fusiliers, at the Barracks, Parkhurst, in aid of the Soldiers' Home at Newport.—The Duchess of Connaught is going to visit Wolverhampton with the Duke in May.

EVERY STAMP-COLLECTOR

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The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

WANTED, a good ecclesiastical hat! Do not misunderstand me. I am not about to find fault with the episcopal *regalia*, nor am I likely to be captious with regard to the head-covering of canons, the roofing of rural deans, or the thatching of vicars, rectors, and curates. I should not dream of offering any suggestions on these important subjects. But I certainly think the time has come when the orthodox stove-pipe might be dispensed with among laymen during their attendance at church. "Piggy" writes imploring my assistance in this matter. She says, "Why don't you suggest a new sort of church hat for men?" (While I am about it I might suggest an ecclesiastical toque for girls, so that the rest of the congregation might get an occasional glimpse of the preacher.) She further informs me that she recently went to church with her brother (she says her brother, and it is very nice to see this solicitude with regard to the fraternal hat), "and his hat vanished. At last we discovered it ever so far away in front of a good lady who had deliberately put her foot through it." I can thoroughly sympathise with my correspondent, for I myself have lost hats in this way, and have eventually found them at a distant part of the church being used by members of the congregation, with whom I was not previously acquainted, either as a footstool or an anklet. This young lady suggests that men should wear caps that they could put in their pockets when they go to church. This is an excellent idea. But the topper is such an embodiment of thorough respectability, of high parochial reputation and serious purpose, that I fear it would be difficult to disestablish.

On all hands one hears the suburbs are especially likely to suffer from the invasion of the Pushful Tram. At Sydenham Hill, I understand there are serious apprehensions with regard to the invader. Most of the houses commanding the western slope of the hill have a fine belt of wood in addition to their grounds. They propose, so it is said, to run a tram-line through the wood, which will effectually ruin its rurality. I believe most of the land hereabouts belongs to Dulwich College. I imagine they will energetically oppose the project, for I believe, as a general rule, a tram-line does not enhance the value of property through which it passes.

It is a curious fact that furs that are so becoming to the Superior Sex—from the rosy, laughing, bright-eyed school-girl to the dignified white-haired dowager—can scarcely be regarded as a success, as far as mere man is concerned. This is evident if you choose to use your eyes as you walk about the streets at the present moment. How few there are of gentlemen who wear fur coats who look really happy. Many of them look as if they were wearing fancy-dress by daylight, and were rather ashamed of it than otherwise. Some mild little men look like sheep in wolves' clothing, for which they wish to apologise. Some have a defiant air, as if they were saying, "This is a very expensive coat, but I fancy I look rather well in it, though I don't mind admitting I never felt so hot in my life. Others look as if they had hired the garment for the day, and would be glad when their lease came to a termination. But hardly any one of them appear to derive either comfort or satisfaction from a coat which it would seem should ensure both these blessings. Why this should be I am unable to say. But it seems to me that the only men who can wear furs with proper effect are the Russians, for they certainly assume them in the most becoming fashion.

"Then why not go away at once for change?" said a friend to whom I had been anathematising the English climate and lamenting the possession of a three-volume cold and a double-barrelled cough ever since Christmas. Well, I have been thinking of doing this for a long time past. But I find, upon due inquiry, that everywhere seems as bad as London, and some places considerably worse. I had a letter from Florence the other morning—whither I had some thoughts of fleeing—saying the rain and the wind and the cold are worse now than have ever been known before at this time of year. If you go to a Continental retreat in search of sunshine and a mild climate, and only succeed in finding London weather, you had much better stop at home. Here, if you remain indoors, you can be tolerably comfortable, and you can get the next best thing to the sun, a roving, jovial, blazing English fire—a thing which it is well-nigh impossible to achieve abroad.

The Queen Anne Architecture of the house agent is most difficult to define. A friend of mind went the other day to look at what was denominated a "Queen Anne house," but he said there was nothing about it that any architect who flourished between 1702 and 1714 would be disposed to acknowledge. In fact, if one, like Silas Wegg, "dropped into poetry," it might be summed up thus:—

There's a mixture of style,
Which you reckon most vile;
And you think all the while,
As the mansion you scan,
You most shrewdly suspect
That your bold architect
Is not nearly correct
In his views of Queen Anne!
Then what is the time of Queen Anne?
Pray, tell me—if any one can!
Anything you call quaint,
In red brick and white paint,
Will pass for the time of Queen Anne!

Probably this sums the matter up conclusively. Red brick walls, white window sashes, strange porches, eccentric turrets and unaccountable gables—in short "anything you call quaint" seems to constitute the Queen Anne architecture of the house agent.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, 1902.

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NOTICE.—ON VIEW IN THE BIJOU THEATRE.—The Latest Living Wonders; The Grand Duchess and Gainsborough Mystery; also the Marvellous Magnetic Lady.

The NEXT TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT will be held in the Last Aquarium Galleries from March 5.

Topics of the Week

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance

THE reception by the organs of public opinion abroad of the new Treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Japan is an excellent and gratifying testimony to the high merits of that compact. That the foreigner is altogether pleased with it cannot be said. If he were, perhaps Mr. Chamberlain's dictum, that the praise of the outside world is the measure of England's defects, would apply. The Treaty is acknowledged to be a brilliant stroke of diplomacy; it is held to be a proof that with all her pre-occupations in South Africa, Great Britain is vigilant, and her statesmanship is adequate to her manifold and burdensome responsibilities. It is acknowledged that it vastly strengthens the British position in the Far East, and finally it is scoffingly protested that it was quite unnecessary, as nobody had the slightest intention of disturbing the *status quo* in the China seas. Of all these reflections, perhaps the most pleasing to Englishmen will be the last. The object of the Treaty is precisely to put the foreigner permanently in the frame of mind represented by this assurance. There have been plenty of pledges to respect the *status quo*, and in not a few cases they have proved veils for enterprises having an exactly opposite aim. The new Treaty aims at assuring the observance of these pledges, and in this it will succeed. The main source of the satisfaction with which the alliance is regarded abroad is, however, that it relieves nearly every country of a considerable load of anxiety. The Far East has for some years past been a veritable powder magazine to the peace of the world. With every desire to restrain their ambitions, certain Powers have found themselves unable to resist the temptation of gratifying them while the only obstacles in their path were rivals who made the best of a "splendid isolation." This has been the chief element of instability in Eastern Asiatic politics. The new Treaty establishes a political equilibrium in the Far East, and thus renders peace almost certain.

Cost of the Fighting Services

So far as the opinions of naval and military experts can yet be gathered, they appear to be reasonably satisfied with the provision made by the Government for their respective services. The ear catches, of course, plenty of criticism on details, but on the whole, these carpings are less sharp than is usually the case. There is very little difference from last year's expenditure in the sums requisitioned for the Navy and for the ordinary service of the Army. But the latter is necessarily greatly swollen by war expenditure, and had the estimate included the whole of the ensuing financial year, the total would probably exceed the current year's vast outlay. Mr. Brodrick, however, out of mercy for the groaning taxpayer, and remembering, perhaps, that Coronation Year will necessitate increased expenditure by most of His Majesty's loyal subjects, contents himself with looking forward to the middle of next December. By that date many things may have happened, including the end of the war, and although additional disbursements look to be inevitable, even the most astute financier could not now calculate their amount with even an approach to exactness. In the meanwhile, mining and agricultural rehabilitation will more and more fatten the revenues of the two new colonies thus rendering it easier for Sir M. Hicks-Beach to raise a large loan on the hypothecation of those securities. By adopting that simple method of meeting charges not provided for in the present Army Estimates, the Chancellor would kill two birds with one stone. Instead of increasing home taxation, he might possibly find himself in a position to lighten the burden to some extent, while it would no longer be in doubt as to whether the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony were to be called upon to contribute to the cost of warfare for which their rulers were wholly responsible. In any case, it is most pleasant to believe that the ensuing Budget may be balanced without any further twist of the fiscal screw.

Municipal Duties

ONE of the most valuable services that Lord Rosebery has rendered to his country is the example he has set with regard to municipal work. He was the first chairman of the London County Council, and threw himself into the details of the work of that body with a zeal beyond all praise. He has since served on the less well-known and less exacting body that watches over the interests of the urban district of Epsom. With such experience behind him, Lord Rosebery is entitled to lecture his fellow-countrymen on their duty as citizens. And the lecture is certainly needed. It is one of the most discouraging circumstances in connection with local self-government that the best men in a locality will seldom come forward to take part in municipal

work. Some shrink from the unpleasantness of a popular election; others are frankly lazy. As a consequence in many localities power is thrown into the hands of persons some of whom have axes of their own to grind. This is specially the case with the duties which create but little popular interest, such as the work discharged by Boards of Guardians. There is probably no downright corruption, but there are a good many transactions on the border line, and a grievous waste of public money. An improvement would undoubtedly be effected by the abolition of some of those smaller bodies and the merging of their duties in those of bodies that loom larger in the public eye. But when all such administrative reforms as are possible have been effected, the working of the municipal machine will still be unsatisfactory unless the best men will consent to put their shoulders to the wheel. In the long run people get that kind of government that they deserve. If men of property and intelligence stand aside and refuse to take their share of public work they have no right to complain when the work is badly done. Neither in social nor in individual life is it possible to secure satisfactory results by shirking obligations.

The Court

THE King and Queen have been spending a comparatively quiet time at Marlborough House. There have been no Court functions and few visitors this week, but the King has been fully occupied with State affairs, giving audiences and considering arrangements for the Coronation. His Majesty pays the closest personal attention to all Coronation details, and spent a long time at Westminster Abbey one afternoon, discussing with Lord Esher the arrangements for the ceremony and the position of the various chief personages concerned. The alterations at Buckingham Palace are also closely followed, King Edward being there on Saturday afternoon to see how the work progresses. Even now it will be some time before their Majesties can settle into the Palace, for so much remains to be done. On her side, the Queen has been busy with charitable undertakings, and one afternoon went, with Princess Victoria, to the Cheyne Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children at Chelsea. Queen Alexandra had not been there for two and a half years, but she found some of the same children whom she saw at her last visit, and was greatly interested in talking to them. The Queen and Princess went through all the wards, and spoke to most of the patients. On Sunday, the King and Queen, with Princess Victoria, attended Divine Service in the Marlborough House Chapel, and Princess Christian came to lunch to accompany their Majesties and their daughter to the New Gallery, where they inspected the collection of portraits of the Monarchs of Great Britain and Ireland. Both the King and Queen went out of town for the week-end, Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria returning to Sandringham, while King Edward paid a visit to Lord and Lady Burton at Rungmore, near Burton-on-Trent. His Majesty will inspect the local breweries during his stay, and will be back in town on Monday.

With the reign of Edward VII. "Drawing Rooms" have died out, and the first of their successors, a "Diplomatic and Official Court," takes place on the 14th prox. at Buckingham Palace. This will be a most important event, full of innovations. The ceremony does not begin till ten p.m., and the arrangements in the Throne Room will be quite different, as instead of the Princes and Princesses being ranged in a long line by the side of the Sovereign, the King and Queen will stand out well in front, while the members of the Royal Family are grouped in a semicircle behind their Majesties. So many diplomatic and official personages must be invited that there will be very little room for anyone else, as their Majesties are determined not to overcrowd their Courts. Speaking of State ceremonies, it is nearly decided that the Queen will wear a white satin gown and purple velvet mantle at the Coronation. Her ladies-in-waiting will be robed in white and gold, and the maids-of-honour in white and silver. Further, it is suggested that Her Majesty's train should be carried by her three daughters.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have gone to Sandringham for a short rest, as the Prince is very full of engagements for the next few weeks—chiefly provincial visits. He will preside at the annual festival dinner of the London Orphan Asylum on April 23. Wales looks forward eagerly to the Prince's installation as Chancellor of the Welsh University, and, after much rivalry, Bangor is the fortunate town chosen for the ceremony, on May 9. Probably the Court for the installation will be held at Gwydyr Castle, which Earl Carrington has offered. The Princess of Wales will christen the new battleship *Prince of Wales* on March 25. The King and Queen's eldest daughter, Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, kept her 35th birthday on Thursday.—Princess Henry of Battenberg gives great help to the various military philanthropic institutions in the Isle of Wight. Accompanied by her daughter and second son, the Princess was present at a musical matinee given by the officers of the 3rd Northumberland Fusiliers, at the Barracks, Parkhurst, in aid of the Soldiers' Home at Newport.—The Duchess of Connaught is going to visit Wolverhampton with the Duke in May.

EVERY STAMP-COLLECTOR

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The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUFFLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

WANTED, a good ecclesiastical hat! Do not misunderstand me. I am not about to find fault with the episcopal *regalia*, nor am I likely to be captious with regard to the head-covering of canons, the roofing of rural deans, or the thatching of vicars, rectors, and curates. I should not dream of offering any suggestions on these important subjects. But I certainly think the time has come when the orthodox stove-pipe might be dispensed with among laymen during their attendance at church. "Piggy" writes imploring my assistance in this matter. She says, "Why don't you suggest a new sort of church hat for men?" (While I am about it I might suggest an ecclesiastical toque for girls, so that the rest of the congregation might get an occasional glimpse of the preacher.) She further informs me that she recently went to church with her brother (she says her brother, and it is very nice to see this solicitude with regard to the fraternal hat), and his hat vanished. At last we discovered it ever so far away in front of a good lady who had deliberately put her foot through it. I can thoroughly sympathise with my correspondent, for I myself have lost hats in this way, and have eventually found them at a distant part of the church being used by members of the congregation, with whom I was not previously acquainted, either as a footstool or an anklet. This young lady suggests that men should wear caps that they could put in their pockets when they go to church. This is an excellent idea. But the topper is such an embodiment of thorough respectability, of high parochial reputation and serious purpose, that I fear it would be difficult to disestablish.

On all hands one hears the suburbs are especially likely to suffer from the invasion of the Pushful Tram. At Sydenham Hill, I understand there are serious apprehensions with regard to the invader. Most of the houses commanding the western slope of the hill have a fine belt of wood in addition to their grounds. They propose, so it is said, to run a tram-line through the wood, which will effectually ruin its rurality. I believe most of the land hereabouts belongs to Dulwich College. I imagine they will energetically oppose the project, for I believe, as a general rule, a tram-line does not enhance the value of property through which it passes.

It is a curious fact that furs that are so becoming to the Superior Sex—from the rosy, laughing, bright-eyed school-girl to the dignified white-haired dowager—can scarcely be regarded as a success, as far as mere man is concerned. This is evident if you choose to use your eyes as you walk about the streets at the present moment. How few there are of gentlemen who wear fur coats who look really happy. Many of them look as if they were wearing fancy-dress by daylight, and were rather ashamed of it than otherwise. Some mild little men look like sheep in wolves' clothing, for which they wish to apologise. Some have a defiant air, as if they were saying, "This is a very expensive coat, but I fancy I look rather well in it, though I don't mind admitting I never felt so hot in my life." Others look as if they had hired the garment for the day, and would be glad when their lease came to a termination. But hardly any one of them appear to derive either comfort or satisfaction from a coat which it would seem should ensure both these blessings. Why this should be I am unable to say. But it seems to me that the only men who can wear furs with proper effect are the Russians, for they certainly assume them in the most becoming fashion.

"Then why not go away at once for change?" said a friend to whom I had been anathematising the English climate and lamenting the possession of a three-volume cold and a double-barrelled cough ever since Christmas. Well, I have been thinking of doing this for a long time past. But I find, upon due inquiry, that everywhere seems as bad as London, and some places considerably worse. I had a letter from Florence the other morning, whither I had some thoughts of fleeing—saying the rain and the wind and the cold are worse now than have ever been known before at this time of year. If you go to a Continental retreat in search of sunshine and a mild climate, and only succeed in finding London weather, you had much better stop at home. Here, if you remain indoors, you can be tolerably comfortable, and you can get the next best thing to the sun, a roaring, jovial, blazing English fire—a thing which it is well-nigh impossible to achieve abroad.

The Queen Anne Architecture of the house agent is most difficult to define. A friend of mind went the other day to look at what was denominated a "Queen Anne house," but he said there was nothing about it that any architect who flourished between 1702 and 1714 would be disposed to acknowledge. In fact, if one, like Silas Wegg, "dropped into poetry," it might be summed up thus:—

There's a mixture of style,
Which you reckon most vile;
And you think all the while,
As the mansion you scan,
You most shrewdly suspect
That your bold architect
Is not nearly correct
In his views of Queen Anne!
Then what is the time of Queen Anne?
Pray, tell me—if any one can!
Anything you call quaint,
In red brick and white paint,
Will pass for the time of Queen Anne!

Probably this sums the matter up conclusively. Red brick walls, white window sashes, strange porches, eccentric turrets and unaccountable gables—in short "anything you call quaint" seems to constitute the Queen Anne architecture of the house agent.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, 1902.

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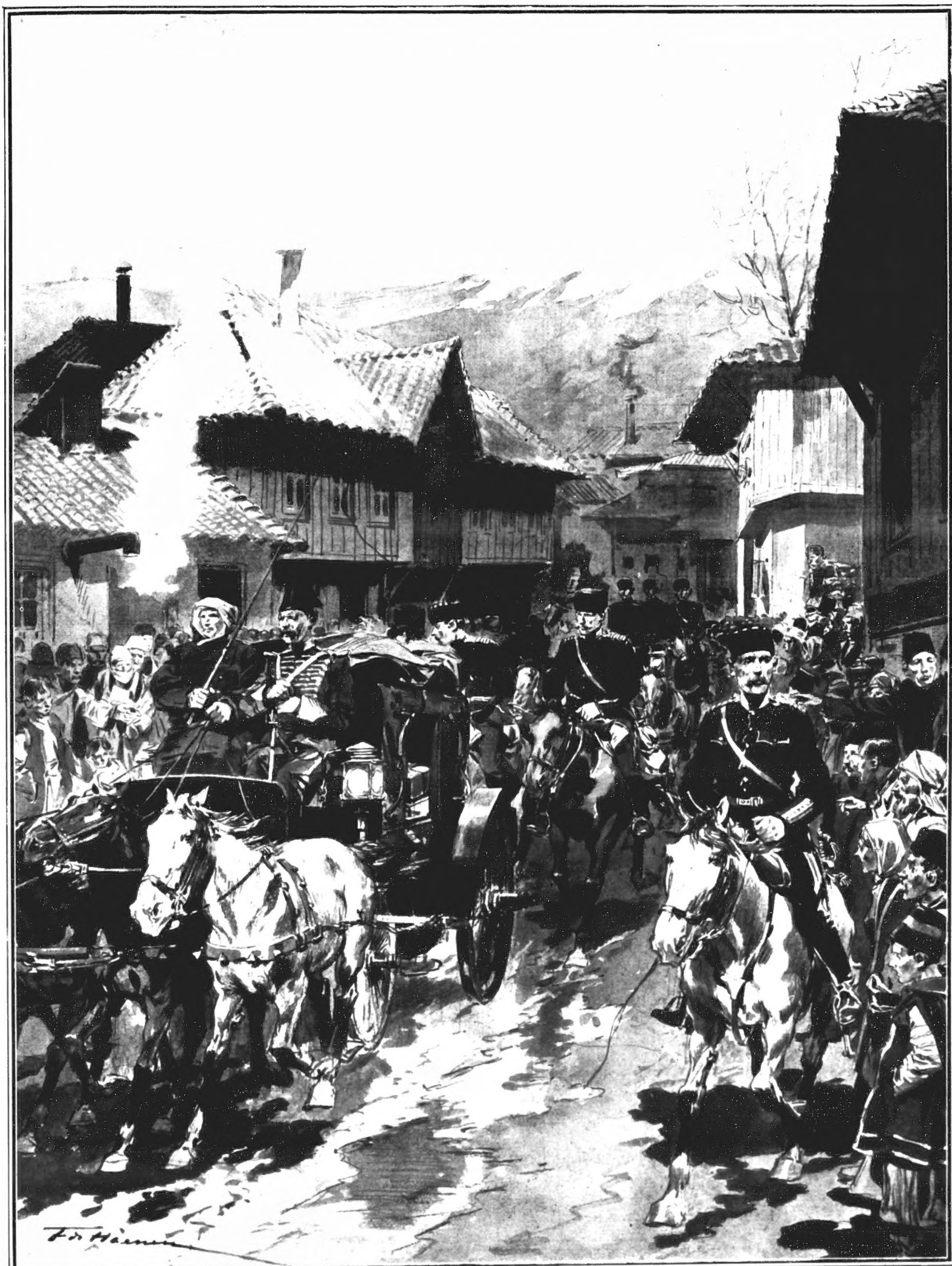
NOTICE.—ON VIEW IN THE BIJOU THEATRE.—The Latest Living Wonders; The Grand Duchess and Gainsborough Mystery; also the Marvellous Magnetic Lady.

The NEXT TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT will be held in the Vast Aquarium Galleries from March 5.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN THE CITY: REPLYING TO THE LORD MAYOR AT THE LUNCHEON AT THE MANSION HOUSE

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



DRAWN BY F. DE HAPFEN

Our Special Artist, who has been following the American Mission in search of Miss Stone, writes of the arrival of the ransom at Djumai-bala as follows: "The Commandant and Saaddeidin Bey headed the procession on prancing Arab steeds, and they were followed by ten travel-stained troopers, a belt of cartridges round each man's waist, and a rifle laid across his saddle. Next came three carriages, ramshackle conveyances, all drawn by four horses. The first was closed, but through the dusty windows we saw a pile of cases roped and wrapped in sackings. The second carriage contained the men who had brought it from Constantinople—the second Dragonman of the American Legation and the Deputy American Consul, with the Montenegrin Cavasse. The third carriage held Messrs. Gnarjouno and

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

Peet, and beside the driver sat another Cavasse in a gorgeous blue and gold uniform. Captain Tefik Bey, the commander of the guard, rode alongside, and behind him fifteen more troopers on jaded steeds. As the procession entered the town the side alleys were packed with inquisitive women, their yashmaks drawn tight over their faces, their children clinging to their comrades of the escort until an officer ordered them back. At every door and window fez tassels trembled with excitement. The clatter of horses' feet and the clank of sabres filled the air as the procession groped its way through the dark and ill-paved streets of the bazaar."

WITH THE AMERICAN MISSION IN SEARCH OF MISS STONE: THE ARRIVAL OF THE RANSOM

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE KING's visit to the skating competition at Niagara will no doubt give a fresh impetus to this delightful sport, which of late years has taken hold of Society, especially of women. But the English climate, with its sudden changes, rarely lends itself to the full enjoyment of outdoor skating, which, after all, is the real thing. Skating in a rink is doubtless pleasant enough, but it is not very healthy, and is apt to prove monotonous. A pretty girl skating in the open air, with the flush of health and happiness on her cheeks, is about as sweet a picture as can be seen, and the enjoyment of children especially is most exhilarating to witness.

A new horror is added to life by the suggestion that coins carry infection, and that in that way smallpox may be spread. In first-class clubs it is the practice to wash coins, but what about the numbers of people who do not belong to clubs, the ladies who carry small change for their omnibuses and their purchases, and the poor women to whom pennies represent the principal means of buying. Scotch and Irish banknotes used to be tabooed by many people owing to their dirty well-thumbed appearance, but silver and copper are as bad. It is only the very rich who never carry money; they go about in carriages, never possess a purse, and make their servants buy their tickets and pay their cabs. So here again riches are an advantage.

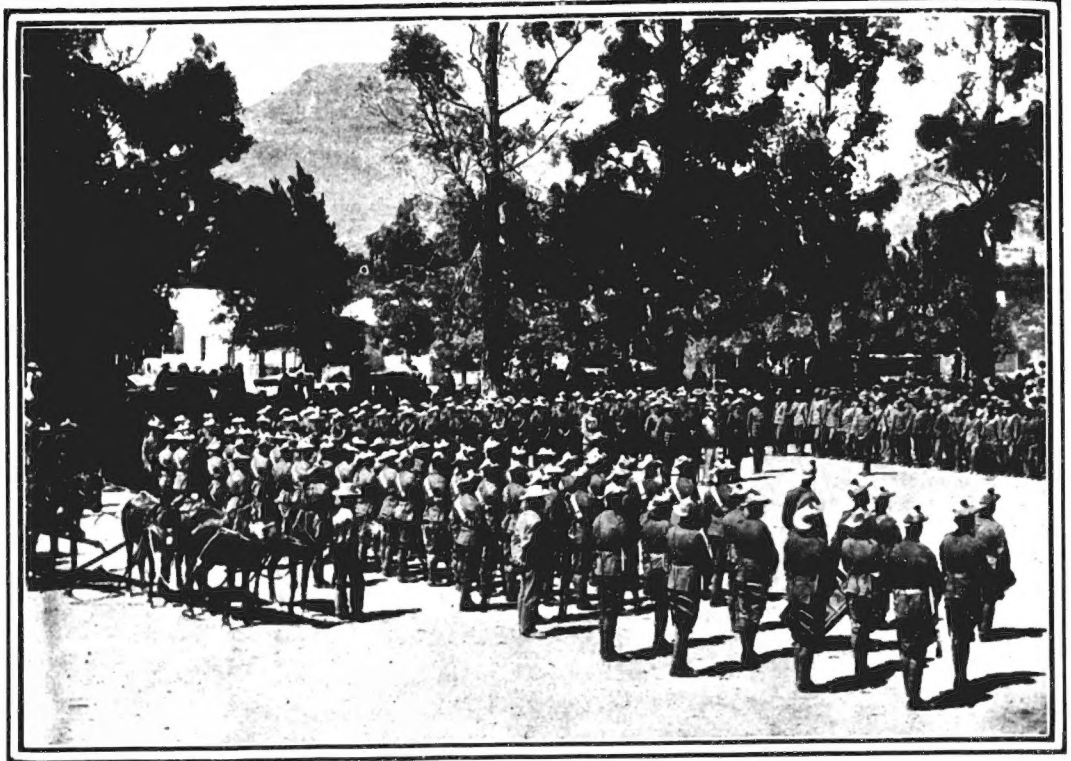
The Peeresses have shown great interest in their Coronation robes, have criticised and discussed the shape and colour and price of everything, but they have not done their duty in inquiring whether the velvets and silks were home-made productions. The dressmakers say that scarcely a lady has asked the question, though the dressmakers themselves have taken care to provide everything English, in accordance to the Queen's desire. Velvets and silks are quite as beautiful here as in France; indeed, I believe often English manufactures are sold as French with a view to pleasing customers. Style, fit and taste are superior in France, but our materials can stand comparison with those of any other nation. Deception is constantly being practised owing to the prevailing love for things French, but in the case of Nottingham lace things are reversed, and I am told that a great deal of lace made at Calais is imported and sold here as Nottingham lace.

The short all-round skirt which people tried to bring in this winter in London has not caught on, as, indeed, no sensible person ever supposed it would, for it was not pretty, and only suitable to country walks. But the long train, with its serpentine twist and its aggravating way of nearly tripping you up, has disappeared in Paris. Gowns are made a reasonable length, with a short train, and, in general, a little wider. The desire is to bring in the Louis XVI. period, both in hats and dresses, but, though picturesque, it is scarcely a mode suited to the twentieth century.

Society appears to have thrown the restrictions of Lent to the winds. Dances, contrary to precedent, have been given, and will be given again, and people intend to enjoy themselves. The long period of mourning is no doubt the reason of this, for humanity rebels at last against enforced sadness, and the natural cheerfulness of men and women makes itself felt. In the same way the choosing and making of mourning clothes often helps the sufferer over the first acute grief of bereavement. Indeed, I have heard it given as a reason for sumptuous funerals, that it distracts the mind of the mourners. Man is a laughing animal and he cannot sigh for ever, so this year we shall keep our Lent in innocent gaiety rather than fasting and penance, and, perhaps, be none the worse for it.

The death of Lord Dufferin leaves a gap which cannot easily be filled. A devoted son (his charming book, "Letters from High Latitudes," was dedicated to his mother, one of the beautiful Sheridans), a devoted husband and father, and the most brilliant and courteous of men of the world, he brought into all relations of life a charm which savoured of the eighteenth century. We do not breed men like that now. We are not conversationalists, we do not study the *fine fleur* of good manners, or strive to make ourselves delightful to everybody. Lord Palmerston had the same agreeable personality, and it was said of him that the man who was refused a favour went out of his presence as well satisfied as though he had received it. No doubt such courtesy makes for the happiness of life, but we have no time to study manners now.

Personally I abhor a flat. It savours to me of the combination of workhouse and prison, with a surly janitor below who seeks to thwart you at every turn; the revelations recently made of the discomforts of flat life only confirm me in my opinion. There is very little economy and a great deal of misery to be endured in these places. One is dependent on the ways and habits of those around, and the feeling of privacy must go for naught.

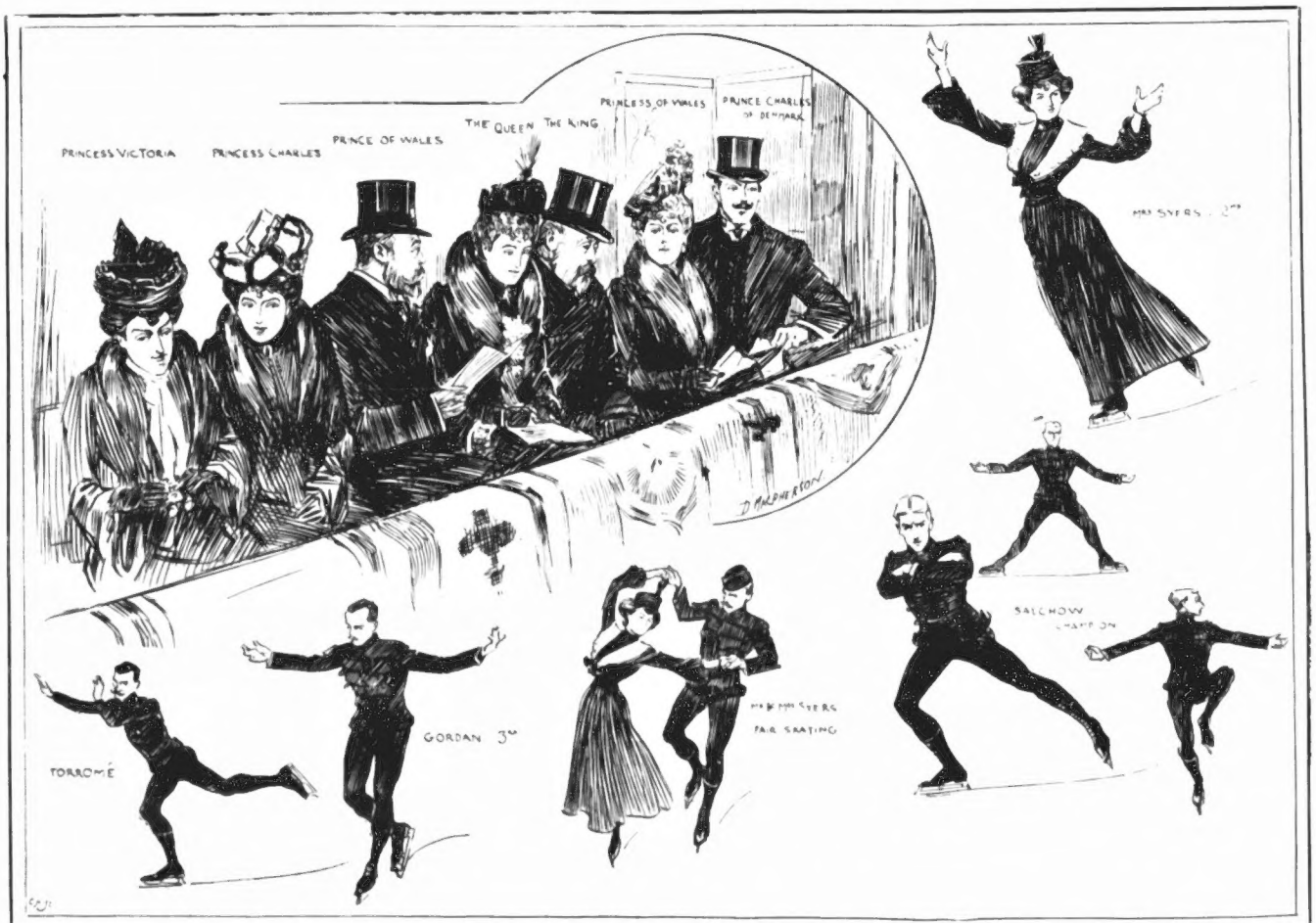


On the morning of July 17, Commandant Scheepers' sentence was promulgated in Church Square, Graaf Reinet. The members of the Town Guard and the Coldstream Guards formed the three sides of the square. A large number of the public attended to witness the ceremony. At ten o'clock the ambulance containing Scheepers arrived, followed by a mounted guard. The ambulance drew up, and he was conducted to the centre of the square formed by the troops. He was offered a chair, but refused it. Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. A. H. Henniker, C.B., then advanced and read the long list of thirty-two charges, on all of which he had been found guilty, except one charge of murder. The death sentence was then pronounced. The condemned man throughout showed a calm exterior. He walked back to the ambulance and was taken off to the gaol. The sentence was carried out next day. Our illustration is from a photograph supplied by J. Lawrie.

THE TRIAL OF COMMANDANT SCHEEPERS: PROMULGATING THE SENTENCE

An Englishman's home was said to be his castle. It will be a pity when the proverb ceases to be true, when women give up house-keeping and lead shabby-genteel bachelor lives. Men will go to their clubs, but what are the women to do? They are essentially unclubbable, and the charm and proper setting of a woman is the environment of home. Here only does she reign, here she is beautiful, fascinating, adorable. If women knew their limitations they would never live in flats.

One of Lord Dufferin's daughters is a nurse and has taken the profession very seriously. On one occasion a curious little incident is said to have occurred. Lady Hermione suggested to an old lady she was nursing that her mother should pay her a visit. This accordingly took place, and the old lady was charmed with the nurse's mother. When Lady Dufferin rose to go, saying she had something to do, the old lady remarked, "I am glad to hear it, and now, my dear take an old woman's advice and stay in your situation."

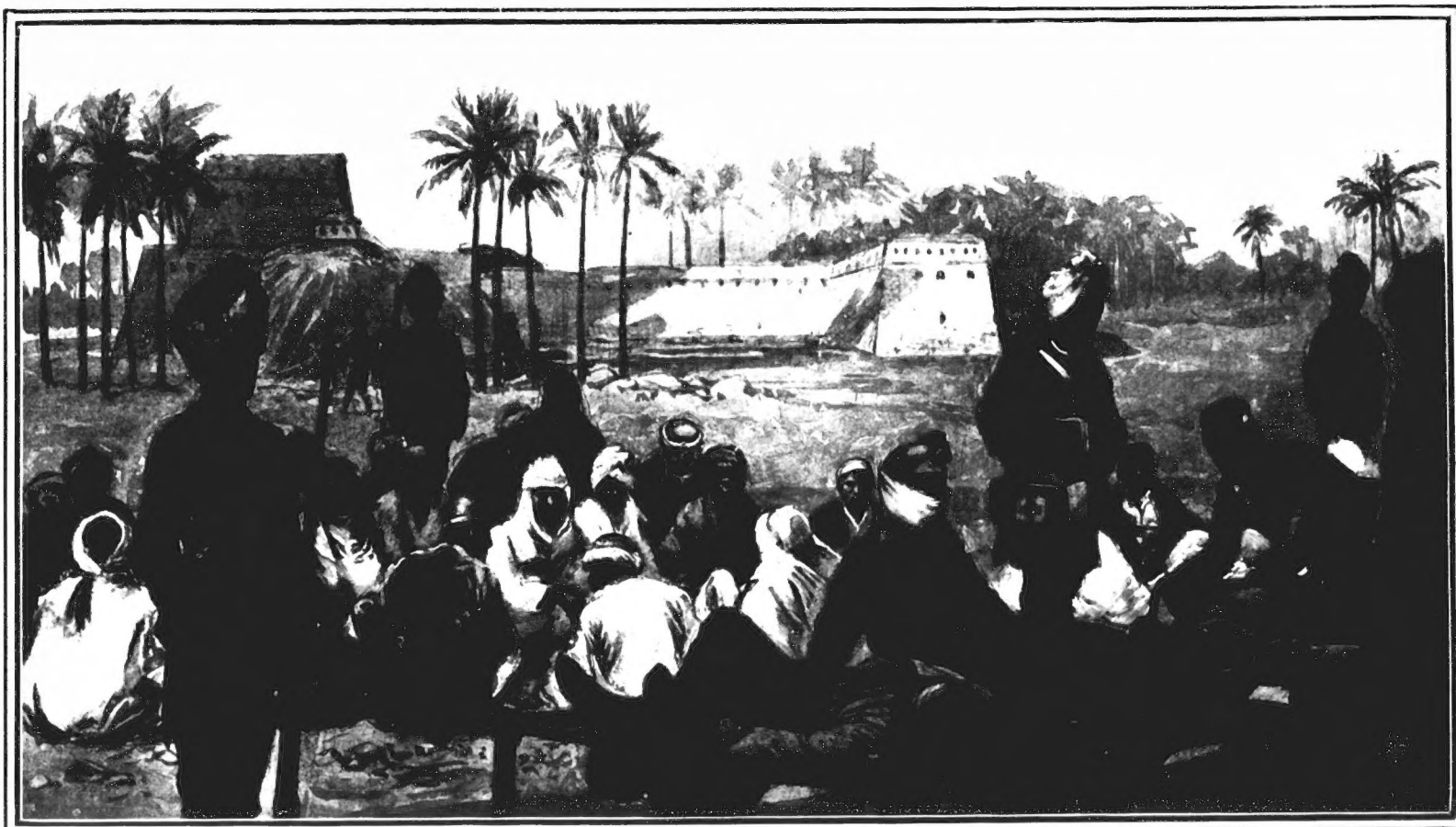


The National Skating Association last week celebrated its twenty-first birthday with a series of skating contests at Niagara Hall. On one afternoon the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark attended. The exhibition was a remarkable demonstration of what can be done by skilful skaters on the ice. In the free skating competition there were four competitors—Mr. Salchow, of Stockholm, Champion for 1901; Herr M. Gordan, of Berlin; Mrs. Syers and

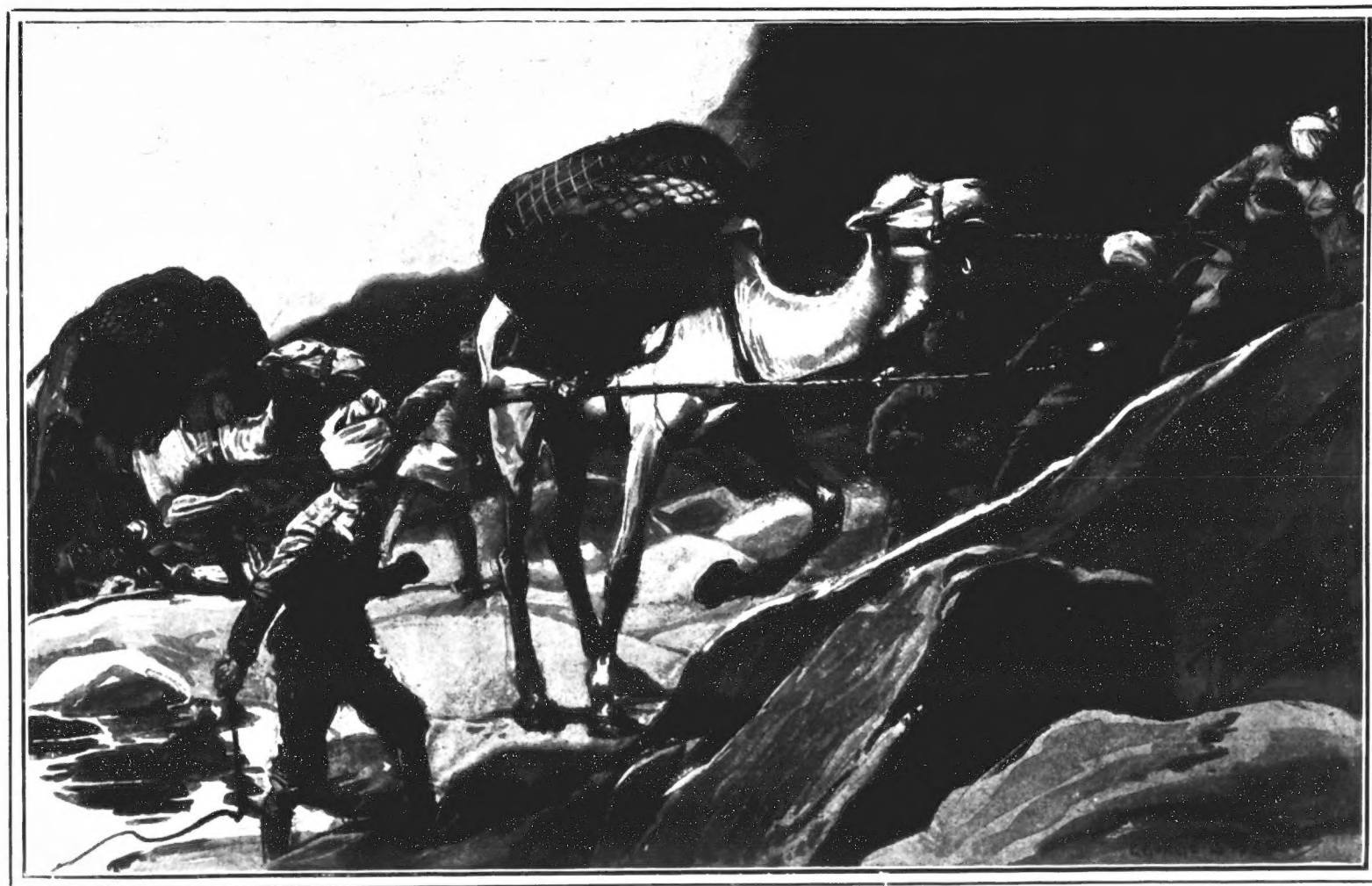
Mr. Torrone, both of the Figure Skating Club. The result of the competition was announced in the evening as follows:—Salchow, 1; Mrs. Syers, 2; Gordan, 3; and Torrone, 4. In the pair skating competition Mr. and Mrs. Syers won. Finally there was some waltzing, which was exceedingly pretty to watch, a dozen couples taking part in the performance.

THE KING AT THE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP COMPETITIONS AT NIAGARA HALL

DRAWN BY D. MACPHERSON



THE MEKRAN EXPEDITION: THE PRISONERS AFTER THE CAPTURE OF FORT NODIZ



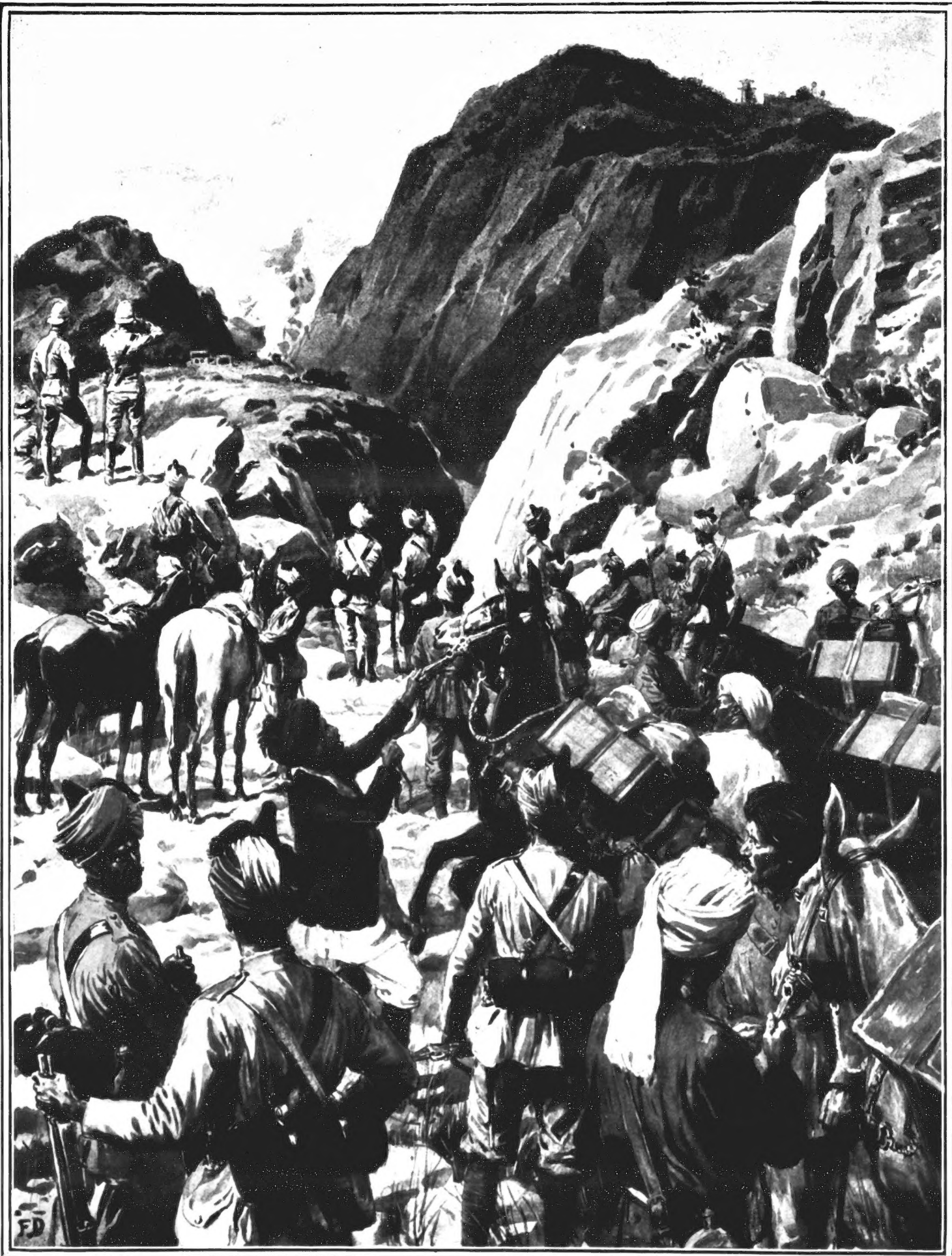
DRAWN BY G. SOPER

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUTENANT O. P. GRANT

The reason for the despatch of native troops to Mekran, in Perso-Baluchistan, by the Indian Government, was due to the fact that the Nazim or Governor of Mekran had asked our aid in recapturing the fort of Nodiz in the Mekran territory, which had been seized by a gang of about 100 raiders from Persia, under the leadership of Mahomed Ali. The fort was immediately blockaded by the Nazim with 1,000 men, who carried on the siege of the fort for fifty-three days, but having no artillery, he failed to take the place, and was obliged to call in our aid. Two guns of the Murree Mountain Brigade and fifty sabres of the Sind Horse were ordered to Nodiz, and a detachment of the 27th Baluchis from Karachi, with a body of Sappers, also left for the same place, disembarking at Gwadar. This port is 120 miles from Turbat, the capital of Mekran, and the country traversed is a waterless desert. About five miles from the coast is the Tillar Pass, which, being full of huge boulders and pools of brackish water, caused the

transport camels to be very troublesome. They slipped on the smooth rocks, and lay bellowing until the fatigue party of lusty Pathans came to their assistance and hauled them up by means of drag ropes. Nodiz Fort was captured on December 20 after severe fighting, in which we lost three men killed and eight wounded, including two officers. Mahomed Ali and his followers fought desperately and only surrendered when our guns were brought up to close range and battered in the roofs of the inner fortifications. Many of the enemy were buried in the falling ruins. Besides these the enemy lost sixteen killed, including Mahomed Ali, while seventeen wounded were among the seventy-four prisoners taken. The prisoners were found by Colonel Yate, the Political officer, to include all the principal cut-throats and "wanted" criminals in Baluchistan and Mekran.

THE MEKRAN EXPEDITION: TRANSPORT DIFFICULTIES IN THE TILLAR PASS



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

Owing to recent outrages by the Mahsuds, four columns, under General Daring, were ordered to enter their country in Waziristan, by way of retaliation. The expedition was entirely successful, the Mahsuds being utterly demoralised, owing to simultaneous attacks from four different directions, delivered quickly and effectively. Most of the villages had one or more defensive towers. The base of them was often of solid rock, and they were entered by steps from inside or by a rope ladder. The gallery running round the tower was made so that the defenders could fire through it on anyone immediately below them. When our men entered a village, all fodder and grain was taken away for the use of the troops; the tower was then blown up, and the village burnt. The advance of the main body of the expedition, owing to the difficulty of the ground, was generally confined to the river beds, the exploding party going on with the advance guard.

THE MAHSUD EXPEDITION: BLOWING UP A DEFENSIVE TOWER



"The horse interested them less than the Prince Bukaty, lying half-stunned on the turf. They were both at his side in a moment, and saw him open his eyes"

THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

CHAPTER XII.

CARTONER V. FATE

It has been said that on the turf, and under it, all men are equal. It is, moreover, whispered that the crooked policy of Russia forwards the cause of horse-racing at Warsaw by every means within its power, on the theory that even warring nationalities may find themselves reconciled by a common sport. And this dream of peace, pursued by the successor of that Czar who said to Poland: "Gentlemen—no dreams," seems in part justified by the undeniable fact that Russians and Poles find themselves brought nearer together on the racecourse than in any other social function in Warsaw.

"Come," cried Paul Deulin, breaking in on the solitude of Cartonner's rooms after lunch one day towards the end of October. "Come, and let us bury the hatchet, and smoke the cigarette of peace before the Grand Stand at the Mokotow. Everybody will be there. All Poland and his wife, all the authorities and their wives, and these ladies will peep sideways at each other, and turn up their

noses at each other's toilettes. To such has descended the great strife in Eastern Europe."

"You think so."

"Yes, I think so, or I pretend to think so, which comes to the same thing, and makes it a more amusing world for those who have no stake in it. Come with me, and I will show you this little world of Warsaw, where the Russians walk on one side and the Poles pass by on the other; where these fine Russian officers glance longingly across the way, only too ready to take their hearts there and lose them—but the Czar forbids it. And, let me tell you, there is nothing more dangerous in the world than a pair of Polish eyes."

He broke off suddenly; for Cartonner was looking at him with a speculative glance, and turned away to the window.

"Come," he said. "It is a fine day—St. Martin's summer. It is Sunday, but no matter. All you Englishmen think that there is no recording angel on the Continent. You leave him behind at Dover."

"Oh, I have no principles," said Cartonner, rising from his chair, and looking round absent-mindedly for his hat.

"You would be no friend of mine if you had. There is

no moderation in principles. If a man has any at all, he always has some to spare for his neighbours. And who wants to act up to another man's principles? By the way, are you doing any good here, Cartonner?"

"None."

"Nor I," pursued Deulin; "and I am bored. That is why I want you to come to the races with me. Besides, it would be more marked to stay away than to go—especially for an Englishman and a Frenchman, who lead the world in racing."

"That is why I am going," said Cartonner.

"Then you don't like racing?"

"Yes, I am very fond of it," answered the Englishman, in the same absent voice, as he led the way towards the deer.

In the Jasna they found a drosky, where there is always one to be found at the corner of the square, and they did not speak during the drive up the broad Marszałkowska to the rather barren suburb of the Mokotow (where bricks and mortar are still engaged in emphasising the nakedness of the land), for the simple reason that speech is impossible while driving through the streets of the worst-paved city

in Europe. Which is a grudge that the traveller may bear against Russia, for if Poland had been a kingdom she would assuredly have paved the streets of her capital.

The racecourse is not more than fifteen minutes' drive from the heart of the town, and all Warsaw was going thither this sunny afternoon. At the entrance a crowd was slowly working its way through the turnstiles, and Deulin and Cartoner passed in with it. They had the trick, so rare among travellers, of doing this in any country without attracting undue attention.

It was a motley enough throng. There were Polish ladies and gentlemen in the garb of their caste, which is to-day the same all the world over, though in some parts of Ruthenia and Lithuania one may still come across a Polish gentleman of the old school in his frogged coat and top boots. German tradesmen and their families formed here and there one of those domesticated and homely groups which the Fatherland sends out into the world's trading centres. And moving amid these, as quietly and unobtrusively as possible, the Russian officers, who virtually had the management of the course—tall, fair, clean men, with sunburnt faces and white skins—energetic, refined and strong. They were mostly in white tunics with gold shoulder-straps, blue breeches, and much gold lace. Here and there a Cossack officer moved with long free strides in his dressing-gown of a coat, heavily ornamented with silver, carrying high his astrakhan cap, and looking round him with dark eyes that had a gleam of something wild and untamed in them. It was a meeting ground of many races, one of the market-places where men may greet each other who come from different hemispheres and yet owe allegiance to one flag: are sons of the Empire which to-day gathers within one ring-fence the North, the South, the East, and the West.

"France amuses me, England commands my respect, but Russia takes my breath away," said Deulin, elbowing his way through the medley of many races. On all sides one heard different languages—German, the sing-song Russian—the odd, exclamatory tongue which three Emperors cannot kill.

"And Germany?" inquired Cartoner, in his low, curt voice.

"Bore me, my friend."

He was pushing his way gently through into the paddock, where a number of men were congregated, but no ladies.

"The Fatherland," he added, "the heavy Fatherland! I killed a German once, when I was in the army of the Loire—a most painful business."

He was still shaking his head over this reminiscence when they reached the gateway of the paddock. He was passing through it when, without turning towards him, he grasped Cartoner's arm.

"Look!" he said, "look!"

There was a sudden commotion in the well-dressed crowd in the paddock, and above the grey coats and glossy hats the tossing colours of a jockey. The head of a startled horse and two gleaming shoes appeared above the heads of men for a moment. A horse had broken away with its jockey only half in the saddle.

The throng divided, and dispersed in either direction like sheep before a dog—all except one man, who, walking with two sticks, could not move above a snail's pace.

Then, because they were both quick men, with the instincts and a long practice of action in moments calling for a rapid decision, Deulin and Cartoner ran forward. But they could not save the catastrophe which they knew was imminent. The horse advanced with long, wild strides, and knocked the crippled old man over as if he were a ninepin. He came on at a gallop now, the jockey leaning forward and trying to catch a broken bridle, his two stirrups flying, his cap off. The little man was swearing in English. And he had need to, for through the paddock gate the crowd was densely packed, and he was charging into it on a maddened horse beyond control.

Deulin was nearer, and therefore the first to get to the horse; but Cartoner's greater weight came an instant later, and the horse's head was down.

"Let go! let go!" cried the jockey through his teeth, as Cartoner and Deulin, one on each side, crammed the stirrups over his feet. "Let go! I'll teach him!"

And they obeyed him, for the horse interested them less than the Prince Bukaty, lying half-stunned on the turf. They were both at his side in a moment, and saw him open his eyes.

"I am unhurt," he said. "Help me up. No! ah—h! No, nothing is broken; it is that confounded gout. No, I cannot rise yet! Leave me for a minute. Go, one of you, and tell Wanda that I am unhurt. She is in box No. 18, in the Grand Stand."

He spoke in French, to Deulin more particularly.

"Go and tell her," said the Frenchman, over his shoulder, in English. "Some busy fool has probably started off by this time to tell her that her father is killed. You will find us in the club house when you come back."

So Cartoner went to the Grand Stand to seek Wanda there, in the face of all Warsaw, with his promise to avoid her still fresh in his memory. As he approached he saw her in the second tier of boxes. She was dressed in black and white, as she nearly always was. It was only the Russians and the Germans who wore gay colours. He could see the surprise on her face and in Martin's eyes as he approached, and knew that there were a hundred eyes watching him, a hundred ears waiting to catch his words when he spoke.

"Princess," he said, "the Prince has had a slight accident, and has sent me to tell you that he is unhurt, in case you should hear any report to the contrary. He was unable to avoid a fractious horse, and was knocked down. Mr. Deulin is with him, and they have gone to the Club Pavilion."

He spoke rather slowly in French, so that all within ear-shot could understand and repeat.

"Shall we go to him?" asked Wanda, rising.

"Only to satisfy yourself. I assure you he is unhurt, Princess, and would come himself were he able to walk." Wanda rose, and turned to take her cloak from the back of her chair.

"Will you take us to him, monsieur?" she said.

And the three quitted the Grand Stand together in a rather formal silence. The next race was about to start, and the lawn, with its forlorn, autumnal flower-beds, was less crowded now as they walked along it towards the paddock.

"It was very good of you to come and tell us," said Martin, in English, "with the whole populace looking on. It will do you no good, you know, to do a kindness to people under a cloud. I suppose it was true what you said about the Prince being unhurt?"

"Almost," answered Cartoner. "He is rather badly shaken. I think you will find it necessary to go home, but there is no need for anxiety."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Martin. "He is a tough old fellow. You cannot come in here, you know, Wanda. It is against the Jockey Club laws, even in case of accidents."

He stood at the gate of the Club enclosure as he spoke.

"Wait here," he said, "with Cartoner, and I will be back in a few minutes."

So Cartoner and Wanda were left in the now deserted paddock, while the distant roar of voices announced that the start for the next race had been successfully accomplished.

Wanda looked rather anxiously towards the little square pavilion into which her brother was hurrying, and Cartoner only looked at Wanda. He waited till she should speak, and she did not appear to have anything to say at that moment. Perhaps in this one case that clear understanding of which she was such a pronounced advocate was only to be compassed by silence, and not by speech. The roar of voices behind them came nearer and nearer as the horses approached the winning-post. The members of the club stood rigid beneath the pavilion awning, some with field-glasses, others with knitted brows and glittering eyes. All eyes were turned in the one direction, except Wanda's and Cartoner's.

Then, when the race was over and the roar had subsided, Martin came hurrying back, and one glance at his face told them that there was no need for anxiety.

"He is laughing in there over a glass of cognac. He refuses absolutely to go home, and he wants me to help him up the stairs. He will sit under the awning, he says. And we are to go back to the Grand Stand," Martin said, as he approached.

"See," he added, pointing to the paddock where the crowd was hurrying to gather round the winning horse.

"See, it is already a thing of the past. And he wants it to be so. He wants no fuss made about it. It is no good advertising the fact of the existence of a dog with a bad name, eh? Thank you all the same, Cartoner, for your good offices. You and Deulin, they say, averted a catastrophe. The incident is over, my dear Wanda. It is forgotten by all except us. Wait here a minute and I will come back to you."

With a nod to Cartoner, as if to say "I leave her to your care," he turned and left them again.

Then at length Wanda spoke.

"You see," she said, "you are not so strong as—"

"As what?" he asked, seeing that she sought a word.

"As Fate, I suppose," she answered, and her eyes were grave as she looked across the mournful level land towards the west, where the sun was sinking below parallel bars of cloud to the straight line of the horizon. Sunset over a plain is one of Nature's tragic moments.

"Is it Fate?" she asked, with a sudden change of manner.

"Even Fate can be hampered in its movements, Princess," answered Cartoner.

"By what?"

"By action. I have written for my recall."

He was looking towards the pavilion. It seemed that it was he, and not his companion, who was now anxious for Martin to return. Wanda was still looking across the course towards the sinking sun.

"You have asked to be recalled from Warsaw?" she said.

"Yes."

"Then," she said, after a pause, "it would have been better for you if we had not met at Lady Orlay's, in London. Monsieur Deulin once said that you had never had a check in your career. This is the first check. And it has come through—knowing us."

Cartoner made no answer, but stood watching the door of the pavilion with patient, thoughtful eyes.

"You cannot deny it," she said.

And he did not deny it.

Then she turned her head, and looked at him with clever, speculative keenness.

"Why have you asked for your recall?" she asked, slowly.

And still Cartoner made no answer. He was without rival in the art of leaving things unsaid. Then Martin came to them, laughing and talking. And across the

course, amid the tag-rag and bobtail of Warsaw, the eyes of the man called Kosmaroff watched their every movement.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WHEELS OF CHANCE

WHEN Martin and Wanda returned to the Grand Stand they found the next box to theirs, which had hitherto been empty, occupied by a sedate party of foreigners. Miss Mangles had come to the races, not because she cared for sport, but because she had very wisely argued in her mind that one cannot set about to elevate human nature without a knowledge of those depths to which it sometimes descends.

"And this," she said, when she had settled herself on the chair commanding the best view, "this is the turf."

"That," corrected Mr. Mangles, pointing down to the lawn with his umbrella, "is the turf. This is the Grand Stand."

"The whole," stated Miss Mangles, rather sadly, and indicating with a graceful wave of her card, which was in Russian and therefore illegible to her, the scene in general, "the whole constitutes the turf."

Joseph P. Mangles sat corrected, and looked lugubriously at Netty, who was prettily and quietly dressed in autumnal tints, which set off her delicate and transparent complexion to perfection. Her hair was itself of an autumnal tint, and her eyes of the deep blue of October skies.

"And these young men are on it," concluded Miss Mangles, with her usual decision. One privilege of her sex she had not laid aside—the privilege of jumping to conclusions. Netty glanced beneath her dark lashes in the direction indicated by Miss Mangles' inexorable finger; but some of the young men happening to look up, she instantly became interested in the Russian race card which she could not read.

"It is very sad," she said.

Miss Mangles continued to look at the young men severely, as if making up her mind how best to take them in hand.

"Don't see the worst of 'em here," muttered Mr. Mangles, dismally. "It isn't round about the Grand Stand that young men come to grief—on the turf. That contingent is waiting to be called up into the boxes, and reformed—by the young women."

Netty looked gently distressed. At times she almost thought Uncle Joseph inclined to be coarse. She looked across the lawn with a rather wistful expression, eminently suited to dark blue eyes. The young men below were still glancing up in her direction, but she did not seem to see them. At this moment Wanda and Martin returned to their box. Wanda was preoccupied, and sat down without noticing the newcomers. Several ladies leant over the low partitions and asked questions, which were unintelligible to Netty, and the news was spread from mouth to mouth that the Prince Bukaty was not hurt.

Joseph P. Mangles looked at the brother and sister beneath his heavy brows. He knew quite well who they were, but did not consider himself called upon to transmit the information.

"Even the best people seem to lend their countenance to this," said Miss Mangles, in an undertone.

"You are right, Jooly."

But Miss Mangles did not hear. She was engaged in bowing to Paul Deulin, who was coming up the steps. She was rather glad to see him. For the feeling had come over her that she was quite unknown to all these people. This is a feeling to which even the greatest are liable, and it is most unpleasant. For the heart of the celebrated is apt to hunger for the nudge of recognition, and the surreptitious sidelong glance which conveys the gratifying fact that one has been recognised. Paul Deulin would serve to enlighten these benighted people, and some little good might yet be done by a distinct and dignified attitude of disapproval towards the turf.

"One would scarcely expect to see you here, Mr. Deulin," she said, shaking hands, with a playful shake of the head.

"Since you are here," he answered, "there can be no harm. It is only a garden-party, after all."

And he bowed over Netty's head with an empressment which must have conveyed to anyone more versed in the ways of men the reason why he had come.

"Do you bet, Mr. Deulin?" inquired Jooly.

"Never, unless I am quite sure," he answered.

"There is," observed Miss Mangles, who was inclined to be gracious, "there is perhaps less harm in that."

"And less risk," explained Deulin, gravely. "But surely," he said in a lower tone, turning to Netty, "you know the Princess Wanda? Did you not meet her at Lady Orlay's?"

Netty had already displayed some interest in Martin Bukaty, which was perhaps indiscreet. For a young man's vanity is singularly alert, and he was quite ready to return the interest with interest, so to speak.

"Yes," she replied, "we met her at Lady Orlay's. But I think she does not remember—though she seemed to recollect Mr. Cartoner, whom she met at the same time."

Deulin looked at her with his quick smile as he nodded a little comprehending nod, and Netty's eyes looked into his innocently.

"Be assured," he answered, "that she has not seen you, or she would not fail to remember you. You are sitting back to back, you observe. The Princess is rather distraite with thoughts of her father, who has just had a slight mishap."

(To be continued)

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

THE "New York World Almanack" for 1902 contains a list of Americans who possess two hundred thousand pounds and upwards. There are about four thousand five hundred names on the list, and it covers forty-six columns! In Great Britain there may be, at the most, a thousand whose capital reaches or exceeds the sum mentioned. This gives a fair comparison of the wealth of the two countries, and should provide matter for thought to those who imagine that the Old World can compete with the New without adapting its methods of business to the altered circumstances of the times.

Members are wondering what would happen were smallpox to intrude into the House of Commons. Were a member—who had recently attended the House—to be attacked, or were the disease to be discovered within the precincts of the House, would it be necessary to adjourn? Would the House and a considerable portion of the members—in certain circumstances—have to be isolated? The matter is obviously serious, for it is possible that a case of smallpox may occur at any time in the House, the more so as hundreds of visitors from every constituency flock to the lobby to transact business with their representatives. It would be most inconvenient were it necessary to adjourn Parliament whilst the Estimates were under consideration.

Several military experts are agitating to have the regulation height in the Army reduced, for they maintain that now, when most battles are fought at long distances, a short man is as good as, if not better than, a tall man. The contention seems reasonable. In former days the size and weight of a soldier counted for much in hand-to-hand fighting; besides, armies in the past were more or less Royal toys, and Sovereigns delighted to surround themselves with military giants. Now mobility is one of the main elements in fighting, and precision in marksmanship is another. Obviously the short soldier offers a lesser mark for his opponent to aim at, and the lighter his weight the more mobile should he be. It is probable that in the not distant future, the regulation height will be considerably diminished.

Several of the Generals who have commanded in South Africa intend to publish their impressions of the campaign in book form when the war is ended. From all accounts, many of them differ considerably in the opinions they have formed, and it is expected that the South African War—in book form—will rage in England next year at the latest. It has been noticed that few of the officers of the regular force have as yet communicated to the public their views on the war; but this should distress no one, for a vast literature on the subject is being prepared, which will be issued when the time comes for doing this safely.



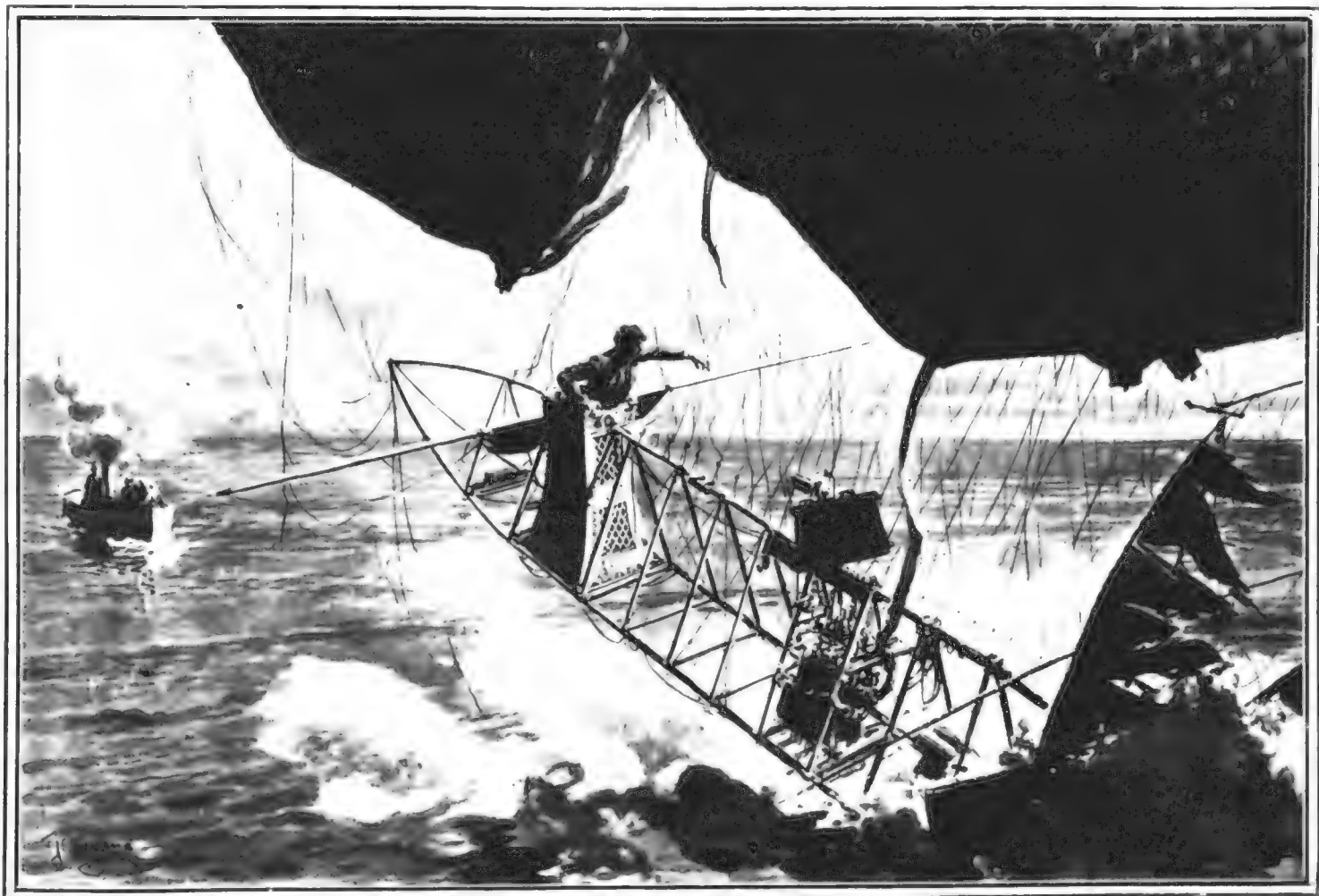
The body of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava was laid to rest at Clondeboy on Saturday. The coffin was carried from the house by tenants through the snow-covered grounds to the private chapel. The short procession was led by the Bishop of Down. The Duke of Argyll, represented the King, and Major-General Leach, V.C., the Duke of Connaught. After a brief and simple service in the chapel, the remains were borne to the private burying-ground of the family, where the burial service was conducted by the Bishop of Down.

THE FUNERAL OF LORD DUFFERIN AT CLONDEBOY: THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE GROUNDS

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, M. MORROW

An enterprising manufacturer has produced a vast stock of tinsel coronets—which includes those of every grade—for the purpose of selling them at a penny apiece at the time of the Coronation. It is to be expected that the Executive will interfere, for it would be altogether unbecoming were every street arab allowed with a tinsel coronet as the Peers passed in State along the street to and from the Abbey.

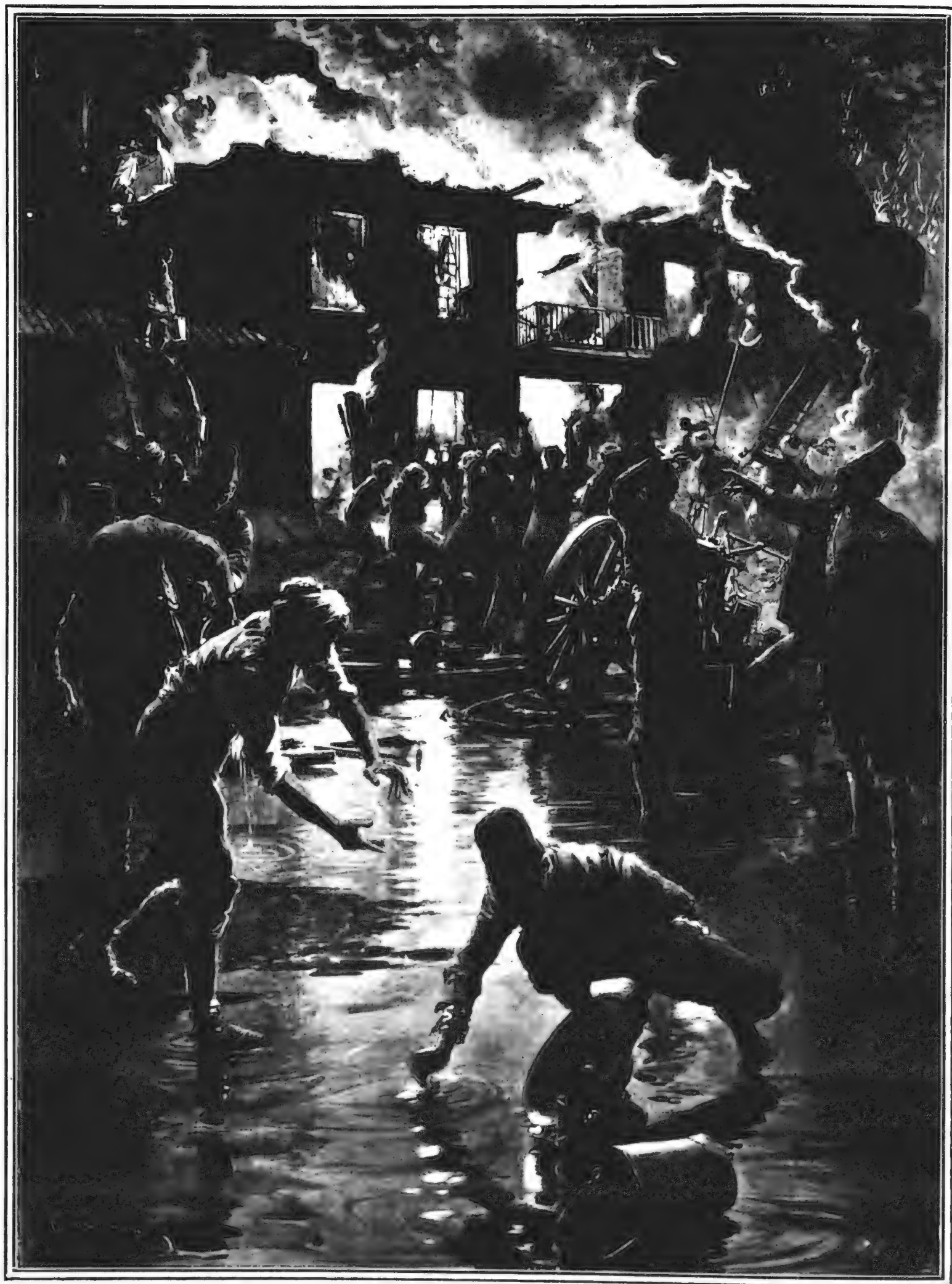
In the official lists of those who attend the Levées, it is the custom to give the names of the Admirals and Generals after the "Messieurs" and "Mesdames." Surely that is an oversight? The former should certainly have precedence over the latter. The attention of the authorities is to be called to this by some of the most prominent officers of both services, and no doubt the necessary alteration will be made in the near future.



Last week, while experimenting with his "No. 6" balloon at Monte Carlo, M. Santos-Dumont had a bad accident. He was making his fifth trip across the Bay of Monaco, when the guide-rope caught in the screw. M. Santos-Dumont made the balloon assume a perpendicular position in order to free it, whereupon the oil from the motor began to flow out. Fearing an explosion he

pulled the emergency rope, making a great rent in the envelope, with the consequence that the balloon rapidly fell into the sea. M. Santos-Dumont was picked up by a steam launch from the Prince of Monaco's yacht, and the machine, which did not sink, was afterwards rescued in a damaged condition.

THE ACCIDENT TO M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S BALLOON AT MONTE CARLO



DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

Our Special Artist, who is following the American Mission in search of Miss Stone on the Turen, Bulgarian front, writes: "The night after the arrival of the mission at Bansko a fire broke out in the Khan in which the mission and horses were quartered. The horses were got out with great difficulty, but the stable and building were burnt. The fire engine broke down, but the villagers, under the direction of Sali-Edinbey, worked with great energy and bravery, some rushing up to the flames and pouring on

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAULD

buckets of water, while others, with long hooked poles, tore the building down. There were no troops to assist in putting out the fire, the garrison having been reduced, at the request of the mission, in order to facilitate communication with the brigades. It was at first supposed that the fire was the work of the Macedonian Committee, but at a Court of Inquiry, at which the English correspondents were present by invitation, it was found that the fire was accidental."

THE AMERICAN MISSION IN SEARCH OF MISS STONE. A FIRE AT THE BANSKO KHAN



BAPTISM BY IMMERSION IN LONDON: A SCENE IN THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY F. DE HAENEN

"Lloyd's Register"

By C. PILKINGTON

"At at Lloyd's!" Who has not used the expression? But of the millions whose lips it has passed, how many have the faintest idea of its origin, or even its precise meaning? Nine y-nine out of a hundred at once jump to the conclusion that it has something to do with the famous

Underwriters' Association at the Royal Exchange; but, like many things firmly believed by the multitude, this is a "popular illusion." Lloyd's of the Exchange and *Lloyd's Register*, from which the oft-quoted term comes, are totally distinct; though they have this in common, that many of the same individuals serve on the committees of both, as some men sit both in Parliament and the London County Council. They also had a common origin of name. The coffee-house owned by Mr. Edward Lloyd, first in Tower Street, and afterwards, from 1692, at the corner of Abchurch Lane, Lombard Street, was the great resort for all persons connected with shipping, and gradually developed into the headquarters



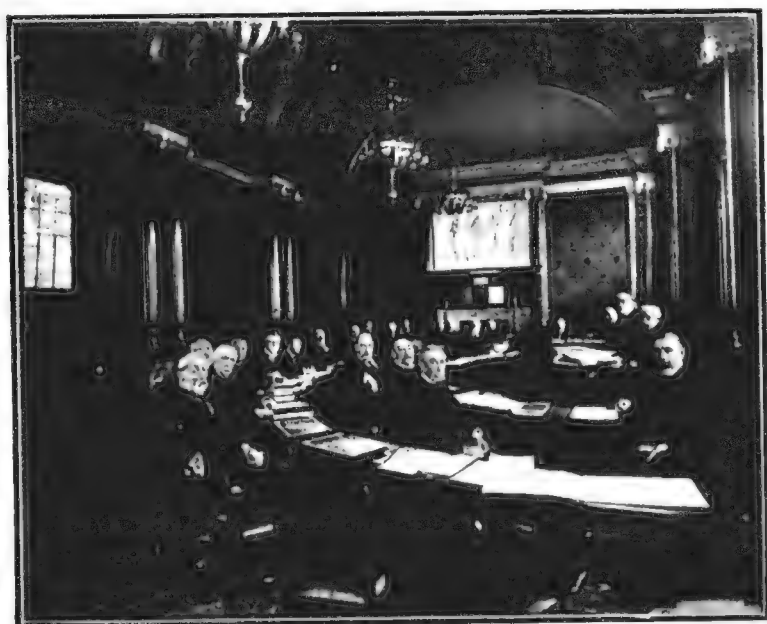
THE LIONS ON THE STAIRCASE

of marine business. The coffee-houses of that period were in their respective spheres the clubs and

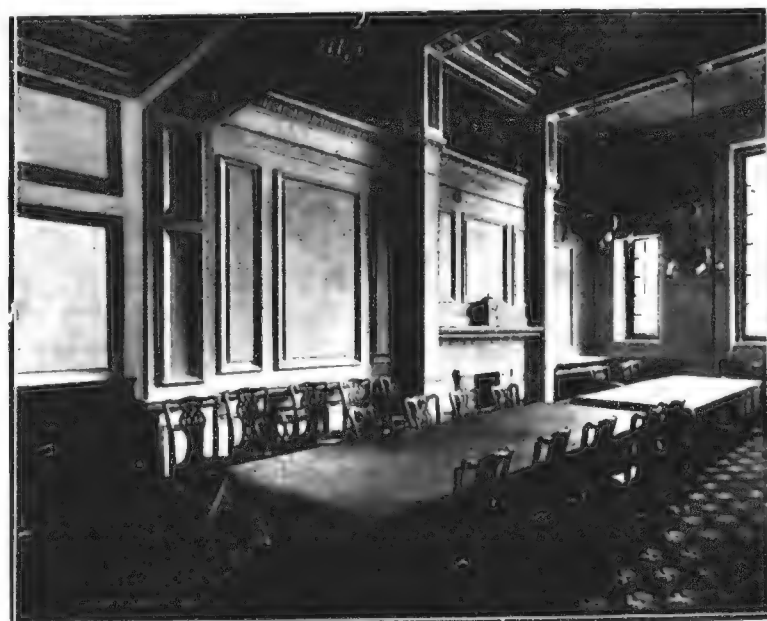


THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE

houses of call for the notables of the day. In what was then the "West End," now the West-Central district, they would be frequented by the "upper ten," the wits and writers, such as Steele,



A COMMITTEE MEETING: SIR J. GLOVER IN THE CHAIR



THE LUNCHEON-ROOM



THE CLERKS' OFFICE



THE SUB-COMMITTEE'S ROOM

THE NEW PREMISES OF "LLOYD'S REGISTER OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN SHIPPING"

From Photographs by THE GRAPHIC Special Photographer

Addison, Dr. Johnson, and such like; and quaint and romantic these old-world customs seem to us now, though, perhaps, it is only in luxury rather than manner that we differ in the present. The City coffee-houses were entirely commercial, and the names of most have long since passed into oblivion. But the remarkably clever and able proprietor of the house in Lombard Street has immortalised his name for all time, not only in his native land, but the world over. At Lloyd's Coffee-House were started "ships' lists," at first written by hand, containing accounts of vessels which the underwriters who met here were likely to have offered for insurance. These were first put into type in the form of a printed register about 1726.

In 1770 the principal underwriters and brokers formed themselves into an association, removing from the coffee-house, first to Pope's Alley, and later to the Royal Exchange, but taking the name of "Lloyd's" with them. These underwriters started a register of shipping, which came to be known as the "Green Book." About 1799, the shipowners being dissatisfied with the green book, started a register of their own, known as the "Red Book." These rival registers went on for many years, the underwriters and shipowners mutually distrusting each other's register. At last it was recognised, after much hard work by some of the leading commercial men of the day, that it would be better to combine forces, and by working under a suitable committee, elected respectively by the underwriters, shipowners and merchants, to form a register of shipping which would be respected and trusted by all. And so, in 1834, *Lloyd's Register of Shipping* was founded. The oldest copy of a register of shipping that can be found bears the dates 1764-65-66. All older copies are supposed to have been burnt in the fire which destroyed the Royal Exchange. Though at first sight "dry work," it rapidly becomes intensely interesting, looking into the old lists, one thing striking the modern reader particularly being the size of the vessels. Though, in this oldest register there are two ships of eight and one of nine hundred tons mentioned, yet these must have been very "giants in those days—objects of wonder and admiration." To take one extract from many similar: "*Westmorel*, Port London, destination New York, tons 140." Almost immediately after we come across another, destination "Carolina, tons 70!"

In the registers the capitals A E I O U are used to class the vessels' hulls, while G M B—good, middling, bad—designate the equipment, rigging, etc. Thus A G would be a first-class ship

it a condition that their insurance depends upon vessels being classed at Lloyd's, and the fact of having a good class there will obtain the cheapest rate in any country.

The present chairman of *Lloyd's Register* is the genial Sir John Glover, well known in the commercial world as one of the most capable of men who have to deal with shipping. It is a remarkable fact that he is only the third chairman since 1835. In that year Mr. Thomas Chapman, whose portrait hangs in the committee-room, was elected, and was annually elected for forty-six years. He was succeeded by Mr. Tinfal, who held the post until his death in 1899.

Our Portraits

Mr. A. F. JEFFREYS, who has been elected Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means, for the past fifteen years represented North Hampshire in the Conservative interest. He was born in 1848, and was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a B.A. degree with mathematical honours. He was called to the Bar in 1872, and for a short time went on the Western Circuit. In 1886 Mr. Jeffreys was president of the North-East Hampshire Agricultural Association. He is a J.P., a D.L., and a County Councillor for Hampshire. The new Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means is a farmer and landowner in the county he represents.

Madame Ratazzi de Rute was born about seventy years ago, and was the daughter of Princess Letitia Bonaparte and Sir Thomas Wyse, sometime British Minister to Greece. Very early in life she began to attract attention, for in 1853 she left her mother hastily, and married an admirer who was much older than herself. This man, her first husband, was the Baron de Solms, a very wealthy Alsatian. In 1853 she left her husband, and was obliged to leave Paris, owing to dissensions with the Emperor and the Empress. Settling in Savoy, which was not then annexed to France, she there founded a review, and her salon was periodically thronged with celebrities whom she had known in Paris. Among these were the Duke of Brunswick, Kossuth, Victor Hugo, Sainte Beuve, Eugène Sue, Alexandre Dumas, Lamartine, Lamennais, Ancelet, Count de Castellane, Prince Galitzin, and many more. Henri Rochefort and Tony Revillon were also among her friends. In 1863 she married Signor Ratazzi, the Italian statesman and Prime Minister, and while

Sir Archibald John Scott Milman, Chief Clerk of the House of Commons, was the son of the late Dean Milman, of St. Paul's Cathedral, and was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1857 he joined the clerical staff of the House of Commons, in 1870 he was made second clerk assistant, from 1886 until 1900 he was clerk assistant, and in February, 1900, he succeeded Sir Reginald Palgrave as Clerk of the House. Owing to ill-health, Sir Archibald retired less than a month since, the King conferring a Knighthood on him. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Rev. Newman Hall, D.D., the great Nonconformist preacher, who died on Tuesday at the age of eighty-four, was born at Maidstone in 1816. He was trained for the Congregationalist ministry at Highbury College, and graduated at London University. He was at Albion Church, Hull, from 1842 till 1854, and won there the name which caused him to be chosen as minister of the historic Surrey Chapel, once associated with the ministry of Rowland Hill. Like his great rival in Nonconformity, Spurgeon, he had to find a larger place for his hearers, and the result was the construction of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, a fine thirteenth century Gothic structure, the total cost of which, including the site, was 63,000*l.*, the money being mostly obtained by Mr. Newman Hall's efforts. A man of very charming personality, he had a fair amount of scholarship and a considerable knowledge of human nature. He was devoted to mountaineering, and climbed Snowdon twice in one day when he was past seventy. He was also a water colour artist of some ability. To the younger generation he has for a long been little more than a name, but for many years he enjoyed an immense vogue.

Mr. Cecil A. Corder, late of Nesbitt's Horse, who has just left England for Cape Town, was personally decorated by the King with the South African War medal at the express desire of the Commander-in-Chief. The conduct of Mr. Corder at Brandport in carrying a message to General Maxwell through a storm of shells from a pom-pom, was witnessed by the General, who highly commended him for his bravery. Mr. Corder was offered a commission, but declined owing to his having entered as a student of the South African College, Cape Town. Our portrait is by H. S. Mendelssohn, Penbridge Crescent.



THE LATE REV. NEWMAN HALL, D.D.
A Famous Nonconformist



THE LATE SIR ARCHIBALD MILMAN
Formerly Chief Clerk of the House of Commons



THE LATE MME. DE RUTE
Great-niece of Napoleon I.



MR. A. F. JEFFREYS, M.P.
New Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means



TROOPER CECIL A. CORDER
Who was summoned to Marlborough House to receive the War Medal from the King

throughout. The next register preserved is dated 1768-71. Here the classification is denoted by the small letters a b c, etc., while 1 2 3 4 are used for the equipment. Thus "a 1" means a first-class ship, and this is the origin of the famous expression. In the third preserved register, 1775-76, the Roman capitals are again used, and we have the fully fledged "A 1," which has continued in use ever since. The history of *Lloyd's Register* since 1834 is a striking illustration of the progress of the times during the Victorian Era. The book of 1834 looks an insignificant pigmy when placed beside that of the present time. All the ships recorded in 1834 were wooden, none were of iron, which did not come into use for shipbuilding purposes until 1845; now steel is the metal used. The largest vessel registered in 1834 is a little over 1,400 tons. All were sailers, the steamships of those days being little more than river boats and tugs. Now steam is to a very great extent ousting sailing, though it is a curious fact that, as sailing ships decrease in number, they increase in size, the tendency nowadays being to build sailers of 3,000 and 4,000 tons, a huge size for a ship entirely dependent upon the wind.

The largest vessel ever registered at Lloyd's is of about 20,000 tons: 8,000 and 10,000 are common. These, of course, are steamers. Lately, *Lloyd's Register* has so outgrown their old habitation in White Lion Court that they have removed to one of the most palatial and beautiful business premises in London, at the corner of Fenchurch Street and Lloyd's Avenue. The building was erected from the designs of that well-known architect, Mr. Colcutt, and contains everything necessary for work and comfort in doing it. The decorations are very fine, a frieze which runs round the great hall at the top of the beautiful marble staircase being particularly noteworthy. It is the work of Mr. Frampton, A.R.A. Part of this frieze was exhibited in the Royal Academy.

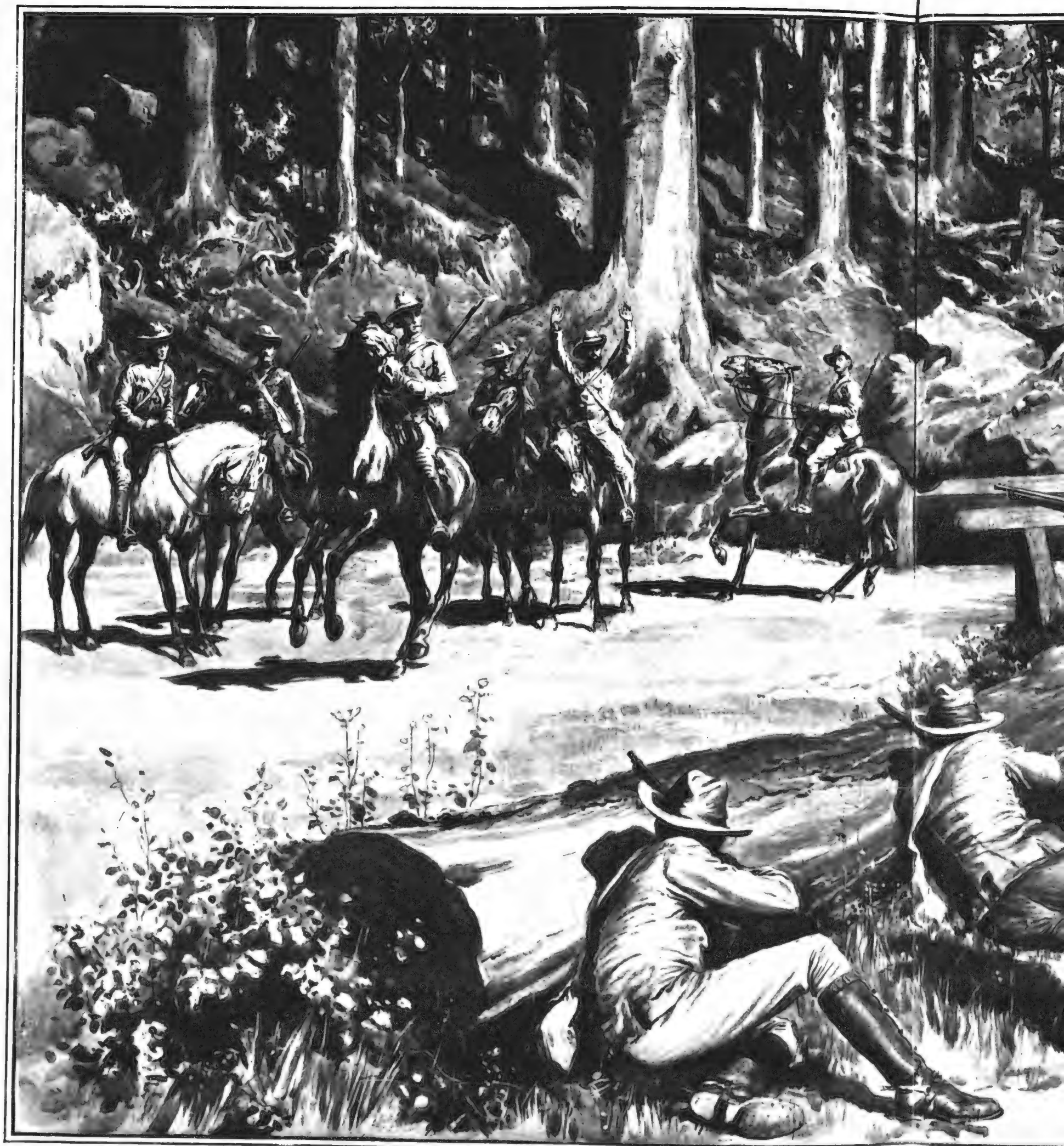
The committee of *Lloyd's Register* consists of fifty-nine gentlemen, and election to it is an eagerly sought-for honour. They meet once a week to discuss the various reports of surveyors and settle the classification of vessels and similar business. One noteworthy fact, as showing the prestige of Lloyd's, is that whereas in 1834 all the vessels classed were British, now the whole world classes. Moreover, underwriters the world over commonly make

in Italy with her husband she still wrote for French newspapers and periodicals, notably the *Constitutionnel* and the *Phys*. Her contributions to the *Constitutionnel* were edited by Sainte Beuve and paid for by him. Madame Ratazzi was allowed to return to Paris for a time, but she again offended Napoleon III., and in 1865 had to fly owing to her book "*Les Mariages d'une Créole*." Besides her journalistic and review work Madame Ratazzi wrote about a dozen novels and some general sketches of a biographical and historical character. After some years as a widow she married Señor de Rute, a Spanish politician. Madame de Rute had hosts of friends and acquaintances in the literary world, and her instincts led her to live a truly Bohemian life. Extremely beautiful and brilliant, she was a past-mistress of intrigue, and was endowed with an unrivalled capacity for enjoying life, but the picture of her later days is rather depressing. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, at the end of a very interesting impression in *M.A.P.*, writes:—

Her house became the rendezvous of all sorts and conditions of men and women. Here, again, she showed all the weird disregard for appearances and the usual decorums which marked all her life. She was always very short-sighted, and did not, besides, much know or care for the difference between one kind of person and another. The result was that her entertainments were weird affairs. Young students, building penny-a-liners, practical jokers, went there without any invitation and often were presented under false names. Sometimes there was enough to eat, sometimes there was not; on some occasions guests brought some of their own food with them in their pockets. The hostess, sublimely unconscious, sat at the head of the table, and talked brilliantly and incessantly, and saw nothing of the laughter nor the disorder nor the debauch that was going on around her. So she lived till she was nearly eighty years of age. She was unconquerable to the end, in the good and in the bad sense. Her health was perfect; her mind bright; her courage untamed; but she sought to conceal the ravages of time; she had not learned the art—few women who have been beautiful and adored learn it—of growing old gracefully. And when she went to her coach with a retinue of servants, they were laughing and grimacing behind her, and the bystanders—with that mocking spirit of Paris—were looking on in delight. And no wonder. One night, a year or two ago, I was at the Casino de Paris, a place which bears some resemblance to a somewhat rowdy music-hall and dancing-room such as the Argyle Rooms of our youth. I saw a somewhat low-sized old lady whose appearance could not be ignored. She was evidently as old as "She"; the cheeks had fallen in, the wrinkles were deep as furrows. But she wore a brilliant wig, and was painted and powdered, and her clothes were rich and even magnificent. This ruin—looking more desolate and ruinous because of the awful attempts to conceal it—was chattering away quite glibly; and everybody stopped to look and most to laugh at the grotesque apparition. By a curious instinct I guessed who it was. It was Madame de Rute—the woman whom kings and prime ministers, poets and romancers, had adored, and sung and grovelled before.

"Memory's Garden"

THE new play, entitled *Memory's Garden*, by Mr. Albert Chevalier and Mr. Tom Gallon, with which Mr. Robert Newman has made his appearance this week as a theatrical manager at the COMEDY Theatre, unfolds a story of life at a country vicarage, which may remind some old-fashioned spectators, by its simplicity and directness, of Crabbe's now well-nigh forgotten *Tales in Verse*. Its hero, George Cartwright, son of the Vicar of Edenmarsh, has just returned from the war in South Africa to receive a joyful welcome at the hands of his worthy parents and their ward, Phyllis Armytage, to whom he becomes speedily affianced. But the young soldier has a secret gnawing at his heart. He has brought ruin and disgrace upon Jessie Ferbridge, a village lass, and now that her shame is exposed he is weak and cowardly enough to allow his father's young farm servant, Dick Miller, to take upon himself another's crime, and by way of healing these troubles not only to marry the erring Jessie but to assume the paternity of her child. The scheme, however, breaks down upon the refusal of Jessie to be a party to the deception in a powerful scene between her and the Vicar, whose suspicions are aroused by her obstinacy and, above all, by Dick's silence when questioned. These vicarious sacrifices in which the innocent falsely take on to their own shoulders the wrong-doings of others belong, no doubt, rather to the conventionalities of the stage than to real life; but the scene referred to, and above all the subsequent scene, in which the vicar extorts from his son the terrible secret and compels him to promise to make to the unhappy Jessie what reparation is in his power, kept the theatre in breathless silence, and undoubtedly moved the audience deeply. The play was well acted. Miss Norah Lancaster (a daughter, we believe, of the admirable actress, known to the public as Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis), in particular won sympathy by the power and pathos of her impersonation of the unhappy Jessie.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

It is thought that the stationary camp, as a means of imparting instruction to the forces of Australia, will soon be heard of no more, as there seems to be every probability that in future training will be conducted under such conditions as might be reasonably expected to prevail in the event of war. Manœuvres of this kind have just been concluded in the neighbourhood of Sydney, with very successful results. The South Coast Flying Column

was the name given to the force operating. Lieutenant-Colonel Bayley was in command. The country south of Sydney is very rough, and consists of precipitous hills and deep gullies, covered with dense woods and undergrowth. Acting on the assumption that an enemy had seized the underworked coaling jetties and collieries in the neighbourhood of Bulli and Wollongong, and prosperous towns, the troops advanced cautiously. They left

the highway and travelled over military. During a twenty-four h practical work was done. For s ng as an attacking force, and th who had served in South Africa

HOW AUSTRALIAN TROOPS AT HOME APPLY LESSONS LEARNT IN SOUTH A



FROM A SKETCH BY FRED TEINT

Lieutenant-Colonel Bayley was in command of the column, and consists of precipitous hills and steep growth. Acting on the assumption that the Boers were in the neighbourhood of the troops advanced cautiously. They had

the highway and travelled over roadless tracts, hitherto supposed to be hardly practicable for military. During a twenty-four hours' halt trees were cut, gullies were bridged, and much other tactical work was done. For several days the column was divided in two, one part acting as an attacking force, and the other as defenders. With the men were some officers who had served in South Africa, and their experience was of great value in making the

manœuvres realistic. Each force tried to play on the other all the "Boer tricks" learnt on the veldt. All manner of ambushes were practised, and sometimes succeeded perfectly. Right through the march tents were dispensed with, and only regulation rations were issued.

APPLY LESSONS LEARNT IN SOUTH AFRICA: A COLUMN SUCCESSFULLY AMBUSHED

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR has had time to discover what a delicate and difficult task he undertook when he resolved to reform Rules of Procedure in the House of Commons. 'Twas ever thus. The House, whilst jealous for the renown of the Empire, diligent in care for its interests, is, above all things, concerned for the sacredness of its Standing Orders. Mr. Gladstone discovered this when, twenty years ago, he ventured to touch with a reforming hand the Ark of the Commons' Covenant. Similar experience befell Mr. W. H. Smith when, as Leader of the Conservative Party that had doggedly resisted Mr. Gladstone's amendments to Procedure, he carried them much further.

It was reported when the Session opened that Mr. Balfour had, during the recess, taken counsel with his following on the broad details of his plan. No evidence of common agreement following on such confidence is apparent in the nightly debates. As a matter of fact the amendments that crowd the Paper are pretty evenly divided between Ministerialists and the Opposition. It is the same in debate. On Tuesday evening, for example, through the eight hours' talk that hurried round Mr. Balfour's amendments, clearing the way for the new time-table of sittings, only one voice was raised from the Government side in favour of the scheme. This was uttered by Mr. Stuart Wortley, who speaks with the

defection ran along the Ministerial benches, serious alteration of the proposals, if not absolute surrender of the scheme, seemed inevitable. Notably with respect to the apology demanded from members suspended on account of disorderly conduct, this conviction was so strong that confident report was current asserting withdrawal of the proviso. It is a common habit with Ministers to ask for more than they intend to insist upon, lightening the ship in stress of weather by throwing something overboard. It was expected that the apology would disappear in this fashion. After amending the terms of the original proposal, Ministers have stuck to its main purports.

Progress thus far made with the Procedure Rules is at a rate that begins to make it doubtful whether they will be through by Easter. Meanwhile other business stands aside, the monotony of topic being varied only at the Question hour.

Mr. Brodrick must often sigh for the comparatively quiet times when he was Under Secretary at the Foreign Office. Since he came to his high estate at the War Office he has had nothing but trouble. Just now he is overwhelmed with the consequences of the double scandal affecting his Department. When the Paper is not loaded with questions about the blundering of the Remount Department, members are anxious to know more of the mysteries of the Meat Contract. What has hitherto taken place, though it occupies attention night after night, is merely a sort of preliminary canter. When the proper Votes are reached in Committee on the Army Estimates we shall have set debates, in the course of which the contract for horses and meat will be thoroughly discussed.

Paris Gittings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

THE old French proverb regarding Candlemas has held good this year. It declares that at that date the winter either ends or begins afresh. The latter has been the fate of Paris this year, as in the last fortnight it has been colder than it has been for months. Skating has been enjoyed for the first time this year. This kind of weather is received with but little enthusiasm in the French capital. Ice for skating is seen so seldom that the number of skaters is comparatively small. As a result but few rejoice at the advent of frost, while the great mass of the Parisians suffer considerable inconvenience. Those who are enthusiastic skaters do not need to await the arrival of the frost to practise their favourite sport, they have always the artificial ice of the Palais de Glace in the Champs Elysées.

Paris—that is to say, fashionable Paris—has just had a severe fright. It looked a day or two ago as if we were going to have no Salon this year. And no Salon would mean no *Vernissage*, no *Vernissage* would deprive the world of fashion of one of its great functions, at which that all-important question of what is to be worn is settled. The dressmakers of the Rue de la Paix have been looking



THE MEMORIAL TO LORD LEIGHTON IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, UNVEILED ON WEDNESDAY

authority of a temporary Chairman of Committees. Even here honours were easy, for he was speedily followed by Mr. Lawrence Hardy, another Chairman, who moved an amendment with intent to preserve the old Wednesday sittings.

It must be said that Mr. Stuart Wortley went to the point in a practical manner unfamiliar with the score of members who, through the speech, talked round the situation. They, prominently including Sir William Harcourt, spoke at large about attacks on the constitution, assaults on the traditions of the Mother of Parliaments. Sir William Harcourt has had diverse experience in this argument. When in opposition he uses it; when in office, assisting in attempt to reform Procedure, he answers it. Mr. Stuart Wortley called upon the House to "recognise things as they actually exist." Everyone knows to what state of mind acceptance of this injunction leads a man. It is to the conviction that under the existing Rules matters have been brought to a deadlock in the House of Commons, and that if the King's Government is to be carried on the Standing Orders must be altered to suit new times and new manners.

Whilst good Ministerialists permit themselves the luxury of differing from their leaders and criticising their handiwork, they in the main observe their ingrained habit of going into the right Lobby. The most they will do on points where they have committed themselves by a speech, is to abstain from voting. The consequence is that the Government majority is fairly maintained, and Mr. Balfour plods along to his appointed goal. When the storm first burst, and

The Memorial to Lord Leighton

IN the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, head to foot by his old friend, Sir John Millais, Lord Leighton sleeps among the greatest Englishmen of his craft. Soon after he was laid to rest his present Majesty the King summoned a committee to determine what public monument should be raised to the memory of the great President of the Royal Academy; the decision arrived at was that Mr. T. Brock, R.A., should be commissioned to execute an altar tomb, supporting on a sarcophagus a recumbent figure of Lord Leighton.

It was this monument which, by command of the King and in the name of the Royal Academy, Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., unveiled on Wednesday last. It is in the Cathedral, not many yards from the mortal remains of the man whom it so splendidly celebrates. "The effigy," says Mr. M. H. Spielmann, in his "British Sculpture and Sculptors of To-day," "shows Leighton asleep, alive to all who knew him. Fine in shape and in decoration, the sarcophagus which supports him, with figures personifying his arts, Painting and Sculpture, at head and foot—surely this is a monument in which the great President would have himself rejoiced; for all is beauty, repose, and peace."

The memorial was seen in last year's Royal Academy, but in its place in the sombre and tender half-light of the great Cathedral it has a more touching significance. Nothing could be more beautiful, simple or appropriate.

on with anxiety at the dispute between the Society of French Artists and the Government. The trouble was about the buffet. In handing over the Grand Palais to the Society, the Minister of Finance reserved to himself the right to farm out the refreshment buffet. The result was a shriek from the artists. The buffet, it appears, is one of their chief sources of revenue. Not all the artistic feast provided for the eye can still the pangs of a grosser appetite, and liqueurs and *petits fours*, not to speak of the more humble beer and sandwiches, are in great demand.

The unfortunate M. Caillaux, who is haunted day and night by revenues which obstinately refuse to square with optimistic estimates, cast a covetous eye on the buffet. When he declared his intention of farming it out in the interests of his department, the artists were speechless with indignation. M. Bouguereau, the venerable President, gallantly led the assault on the daring Minister. The fiat went forth, "No buffet, no Salon." At first the Minister proved obdurate, and entrenched himself in his administrative kekke and declared he would hold it to the end. Fortunately, however, better counsels prevailed. The tactful Prime Minister and the persuasive M. Laygues intervened, and the artists are to have their buffet. As a result, the *Vernissage* is assured, and the *couturières* of the Rue de la Paix can launch their latest creations and Ledoyen prepare the *menu* for that great function, the *déjeuner de Vernissage*.

Baptism at the Tabernacle

In a little chapel of the Borough, to which tradition has rather rashly given the name of Bunyan's Chapel, the caretaker, even before pointing out to the visitor the panelled room where Bunyan used to hide, proudly calls attention to the Baptistry sunk in the floor. Rightly so, for the Baptistry is not only the one part of this old chapel of tiles and wain-cotting which is in a reasonable state of preservation, but, symbolically, it represents the undying spirit of steadfastness—even to defiant resolution—which was the keynote of Bunyan's and the Baptist faith. To many people it must seem that no greater testimony to the reality of belief in the efficacy of ritual could be shown than is given by those who voluntarily consent to be publicly baptised in a Baptist chapel, to be completely immersed in the great baptismal font, and to emerge with dripping habiliments in the sight of all people. Perhaps none but those who have the old Puritanic blood in their veins could consent to it. A Frenchman, who, with the writer, witnessed the ceremony, shook his head at it. "In France," said he gravely, "c'est une chose possible!"

But, public baptism as conducted in the great Baptist Chapel at Newington Butts, better known as Spurgeon's Tabernacle, conveys another and a different impression. There is nothing curious, nothing that at the moment seems to one very striking in the spectacle. It is not, in fact, a spectacle. It is a rite, conducted with such an evident sincerity, with so unmistakable a belief in its solemnity and purpose, that no room is left for curiosity. Perhaps that is not the impression which it leaves on the mind of the spectator who sees it for the first time; but it certainly is so with those who have seen it more than once. To those who have seen it many times, the Baptist congregation—it is a rite as simple, as plain, as seemly and of as good report as the Communion service seems to those of another church. There is no craning forward to witness the baptism; there is no rustling whisper; there is neither eagerness nor expressed interest in the attitude of the congregation; there is only silence—a silence so complete that the drip of soaked garments on the marble steps of the Baptistry is audible—and, except the voice of the baptiser or the Pastor, the only sound audible.

The chapel is vast and brightly lighted. It has two galleries, and when, on great occasions, the chapel is filled, it holds a congregation of ten thousand people. At what we may call for convenience the eastern end of the chapel is another double gallery, much less in height and of entirely different purpose. It is semicircular, and the upper part of it one might almost speak of as a combined pulpit and choir. The definition would be faulty in several particulars. At the rail of this upper platform, the Pastor preaches and prays, and it allows him considerable peripatetic latitude; but in speaking of the gallery of seats behind the platform as a choir, we

are faced by the contradiction that a Baptist chapel, severe and literal in its service as in the interpretation of creed, has no choir and has no musical instrument. When a hymn or metrical version of a psalm is to be sung, the leader of the singing, a man with a voice of striking volume and penetration, advances to the pastor's place and sings the hymn's first line, and the congregation presently join him. It is a more musical sound than might be supposed, and sometimes, when the great

and hymn which, together with a short address, precede the public baptism, the neophytes sit ranged on either side of the baptistry. The women are all in white, even to white gloves. Their dress is like that of some nurses and of some sisterhoods: a deep cape over a skirt and bodice, a close-fitting bonnet tied with strings—everything white. Opposite to this white clad array sit the male candidates for baptism. They are dressed in black garments like cassocks.

At the end of a short address of encouragement to the candidates, the Pastor comes from his upper pulpit to stand by the side of the marble basin on the lower platform. At the same time the officials appointed by the chapel for the observance of the rite take their places. These are three to five in number, the number, of course, differing in different chapels. At the Metropolitan Tabernacle the Pastor does not officiate in the actual performance of the rite. These duties devolve upon an Immerser or Baptiser and two assistants. The Baptiser stands in the middle of the marble tank, waist high in water. The assistants stand in marble niches, which are sunk at the eastern corners of the tank, and which are so constructed that the assistants, though at about the same level as the Baptiser and the Baptist, do not stand in water. At the top of the steps two other assistants, women, stand, with heavy black cloaks, with which to envelop completely their newly baptised sisters as they emerge. The actual act of baptism is of very short duration. The neophyte leaves her place and walks, unassisted, down the marble steps of the basin until she stands side by side in the water with the Baptiser. She has her back to the congregation. The Baptiser supports her with one hand at her waist, and with his right hand placed supportingly behind her shoulders. Then with the words, "My dear Sister N, in confession of your faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and at your own request, I baptise you in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost"—he inclines her backward until her whole body, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, is under the water. The immersion though complete, is only momentary. He quietly and deftly raises her again, and she walks, assisted or unassisted, up the steps again, where at the top she is received by the assistants, ready to wrap her in the black cloak and to hurry her away to the dressing-room. The act of baptism is precisely the same in the case of the men. On the evening when the drawings in the present number of THE GRAPHIC were made, there were some candidates for baptism who were of the French community in Soho. They had been brought by a French convert and proselyte; and in lieu of the Pastor, he addressed his countrymen. "Sois fidèle jusqu'à la mort," said he, repeating the text of the Baptist faith, "et je te donnerai la couronne de la vie." He translated the text in English to the congregation. It was strange and strangely impressive; but to that impression it was the answering reverence of the congregation that contributed the chief factor.



Considerable interest is being taken by archaeologists in the silver vessels, &c., of the Manchester Cathedral, which consist of twenty-two pieces, the oldest dating from 1384. Those illustrated are a portion only (the remaining pieces being duplicates), and the whole are of exceptional interest and value. The plate here shown is as follows: (top) Queen Anne flagon 1708; (left) William III. flagon 1688; (centre) George I. alms-dish 1713; (right) William III. pitcher flagon 1701; (at foot, commencing left) Queen Anne paten 1708, chalice 1874, Charles I. chalice 1620, Charles II. silver salver 1676, Elizabethan chalice 1545, Scotch baker cup 1620, Charles II. paten 1676. Our illustration is from a photograph by Geo. Falkner and Sons.

SELECTION FROM THE ALTAR PLATE OF THE MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

tabernacle is filled, the effect of its great volume is moving and impressive. It was so on the great occasion of Spurgeon's funeral, when the music reached the imagination by no surprise of beauty, but took it as it were by storm. In the lower platform, which is concentric with the upper one but of greater radius, is sunk the baptistry, a font of white marble, oblong, perhaps 10ft. by 6ft. in length and from 4ft. to 5ft. deep. It is filled with water to a depth one would say of about 3ft. 6in. During the service of prayer

candidates for baptism who were of the French community in Soho. They had been brought by a French convert and proselyte; and in lieu of the Pastor, he addressed his countrymen. "Sois fidèle jusqu'à la mort," said he, repeating the text of the Baptist faith, "et je te donnerai la couronne de la vie." He translated the text in English to the congregation. It was strange and strangely impressive; but to that impression it was the answering reverence of the congregation that contributed the chief factor.

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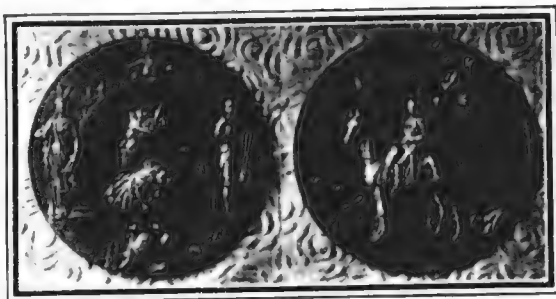
OBSERVE



REVERSE

The Livingstone Gold Medal was founded by Mrs. A. L. Bruce, in memory of her father, Dr. Livingstone, and is awarded by the Council of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society for exploration and geographical research. It bears on the obverse side a portrait of the great explorer, and on the reverse an allegorical representation of the Spirit of Civilisation bearing the torch of progress and the olive-branch of peace. The first medal has been awarded to Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., for his distinguished services as an explorer and administrator in Africa. The medal has been struck from designs by Mr. P. Macgillivray, R.S.A.

THE LIVINGSTONE GOLD MEDAL



OBSERVE

REVERSE

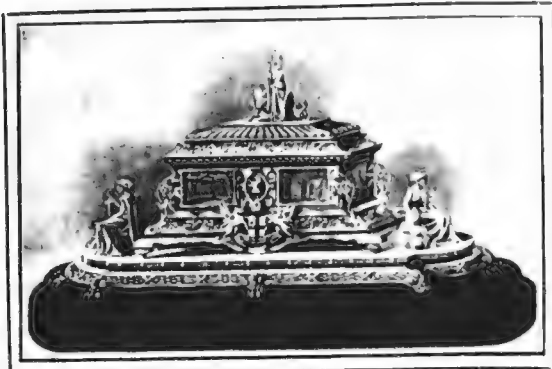
A medal, which both commemorates the annexation of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal and the Accession of King Edward VII., has been struck by Messrs. Spink and Son. The medal is an artistic production, and though it has no official authority, the King was good enough to give the artist, Mr. Frank Bowcher, some sittings, and the result is that the obverse presents an excellent portrait of His Majesty, with the figures of Justice, Industry and Peace, and the words "Oppressorum conservator." The field is enriched with views of Pretoria and Bloemfontein, and of the Houses of Parliament. The reverse, the South African side of the medal, has a full-length, but distinctly recognisable, figure of Lord Roberts on horseback, with Fame, Victory, and troops in the background, and the legends "Virtute et ductu" and "Pax queritur bello."

3 NEW BRITISH EMPIRE MEDAL

Skating in Holland

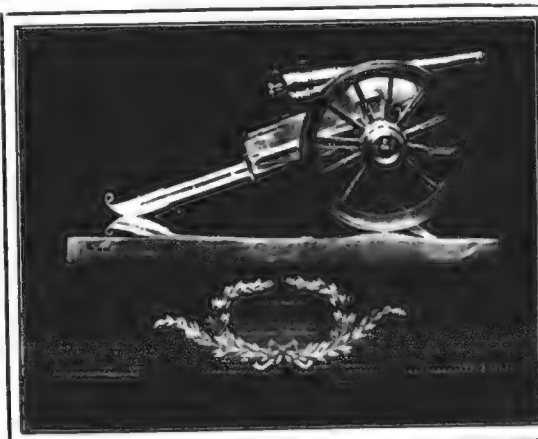
In England—or in any case in the south of England—where three days' consecutive skating is considered an event, we hardly realise what it is to live in a country where skates are as familiarly used for the purpose of going speedily from one place to another, as bicycles are here. To go no further than Holland, though, is to find skating galore—not skating as a sport, but as a strictly utilitarian means of locomotion. Once the dykes are frozen over this means of progress is pleasant and easy. Those who want to go to distant churches, markets, or towns bring out their characteristic long upturned skates and sail away; the peasants in their characteristic dresses, as shown in our supplement, looking particularly picturesque. One might have thought that a country so favoured in the matter of ice would have produced many champion skaters; but this is not so. To the phlegmatic Dutchman skating is more a business than an art, and Norway and half a dozen other countries grow champions more freely. But the Dutchman certainly appreciates the value of the ice roads, and we who usually know a limited field of rotten ice, possibly broken up on the first day by incautious crowds, would give much for his opportunity of skimming for miles across country, with the ringing ice clear beneath one's feet.

SMALLPOX is making the Americans as anxious as the English people. One college professor refused to admit any student to his lectures who had not been re-vaccinated, while in a Pennsylvania town where several cases had occurred, all festive gatherings, and even weddings, are prohibited under penalty of imprisonment until all fear of infection is passed.



The gold casket presented to Mr. Chamberlain by the Corporation of the City of London is oblong in shape. The front of the casket is divided into three panels, the centre of which bears the monogram of the recipient upon an ornamental escutcheon, with a background of enamel; whilst the other panels enclose two finely executed enamel views of the Guildhall and the Colonial Office. Upon the reverse of the box is engraved the inscription. The ends of the box are decorated with similar panels, and these enclose painted enamel views of two of the principal Colonial cities. On the lid stands a group representing Britannia and the British lion, the lower portion being decorated with Mr. Chamberlain's favourite flower, an orchid, executed in high relief. The casket stands upon a massive shaped base, supported by eight lions' claw feet, and has a band of Laurel bound with ribbons, upon which is inscribed the names of the various Colonies; upon each of the semicircular ends there is a group, one representing Justice, and the other Commerce and Colonial Progress. The casket was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company Ltd., Regent Street, London, W.

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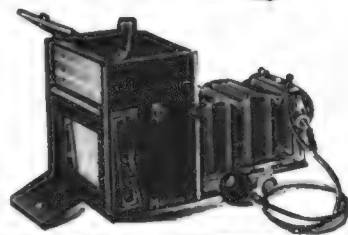
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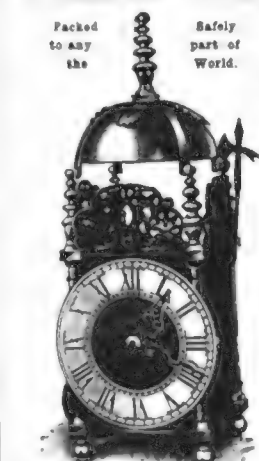
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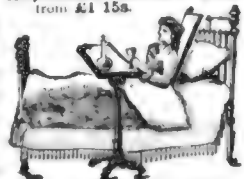
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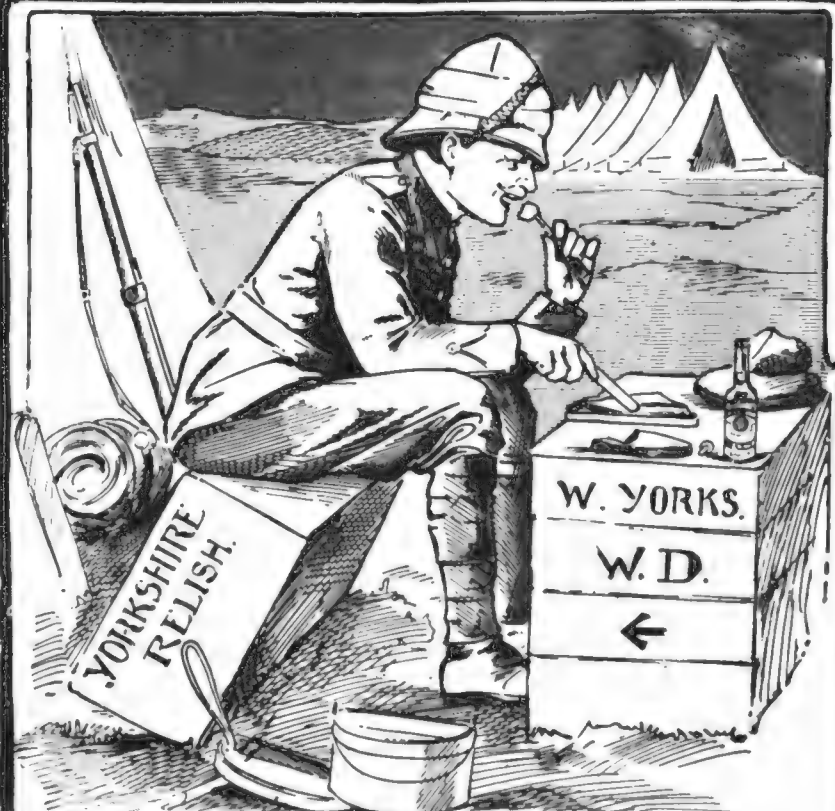
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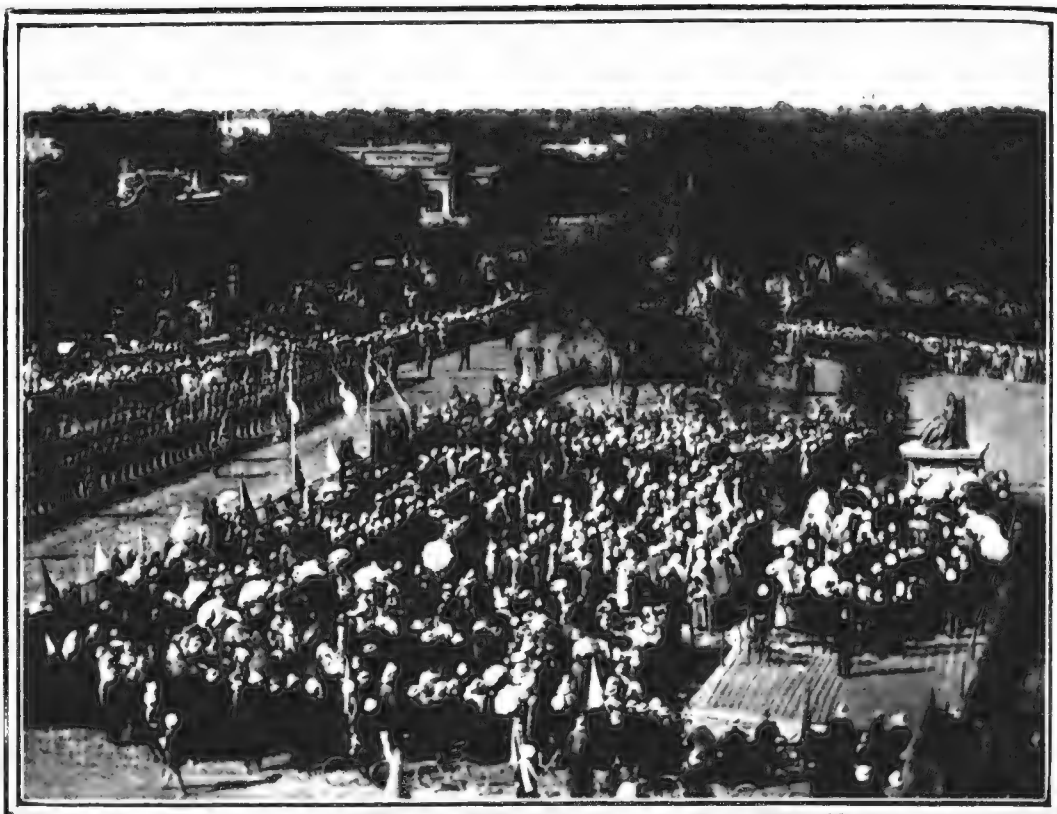
DR. FREEMANTLE'S volume, notwithstanding that it treats of the saddest and most painful phase of warfare, is as bright and cheerfully written as any book on the campaign in South Africa and as interesting. Although but a junior surgeon, and engaged only for one year's service, the young doctor during that period gained experience in nearly every department of army medical work—transports and base hospitals, hospital ships, field hospitals, sick convoys, bearer companies and stationary camps on the railway. The book is, by no means of a professional character, but just a straightforward and well-told narrative of Dr. Freemantle's personal experiences during his twelve months' campaigning. The author tells many curious stories of wounds and of narrow escapes from death. "The record," he says, "is held by Private McInroy of the Black Watch, who, at Magesfontein, was hit in the left wrist and right shoulder, at 4 a.m., and after lying flat for safety till noon, received two shots in the back, and one which broke his right arm. This was his most serious injury." Dr. Freemantle adds, "As one of the shots only grazed the skin, he has only nine holes in him, two from each of the other bullets." One of the most readable chapters in the volume is that in which the writer describes a visit he paid to some of Theron's Scouts. It was in September that he and his servant set out to attend to some of the men of Loch's Horse, who had been taken prisoners and were reported wounded. With some difficulty they came across the scouts, and spent the night with them. The Boer commandant, Dr. Freemantle says, was the biggest liar he had met for some time. He was a tremendous hero. "He had taken Colonel Bullock prisoner. . . . He, with seven men, had held up the British Army at Spion Kop. He had designed the attack on the Plat Rand, on January 6th, and, with eight personal friends, had practically captured Ladysmith; only they had to retire because the lazy cowards in reserve never came up to support them." The book contains many capital illustrations.

"PALACES, PRISONS AND RESTING-PLACES OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS"

Mr. Michael Myers, Shoemaker, has made it his hobby, for some years past, to make pilgrimages to all the towns, castles, etc., with which the unfortunate Queen of Scotland was in any way connected. The volume, he says, is not intended as a history, and both letter-press and illustrations have more to do with places than with people. His pilgrimage begins at Linlithgow, the birthplace of Mary, and he follows her footsteps to Stirling, Dunbarton and the shores of France. Paris in the days of the Valois and Villiers Cotterets, where the honeymoon with Francis was spent, are ably described, and the pilgrim, after visiting the Chateaux of Touraine, Orleans and the Port of Calais, follows the scenes of the Queen's stormy life in Scotland. Thence to Lochringay, and he brings his pilgrimage to a conclusion at the luckless Queen's last resting-place, Westminster Abbey. The volume is most handsomely bound, and the illustrations, which, for the most part, are from photographs and contemporaneous prints, are carefully reproduced.

"A Doctor in Khaki." By Fian J. E. Freemantle, M.A., M.B., M.R.C.P. (Murray.)

"Palaces, Prisons and Resting-Places of Mary Queen of Scots." (Virtue.)



A large crowd of Europeans and natives assembled at Charing Cross, Lahore, on New Year's Day, to witness the ceremonial unveiling of the Diamond Jubilee commemoration statue of the late Queen-Empress. All the Volunteers in Lahore were mustered for the occasion. The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir W. Mackworth Young, performed the ceremony. The cost of the memorial was defrayed by subscriptions raised in the Punjab and adjoining native States, and limited to fifty rupees, except in the case of Ruling Chiefs and Princes. Mr. Bertram Mackennell was the sculptor selected to execute the work. Our photograph is by J. Burke and Co., Lahore.

UNVEILING A STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT LAHORE

"RELIGION IN RECENT ART"

The object that Dr. Forsyth had in view in publishing these essays, or rather "lay sermons," was to "familiarise people who do not claim to be considered artistic at all with a true way, which for them is the truest, of viewing pictures." A vast number of people, he says, are willing to be helped to see, and a growing number who have neither the faculty nor courage for criticism, may yet be able to afford some useful help and lasting pleasure by handing their magnifier to visitors to the galleries. The writer admits that to students and experts in art, as such, the book is of no value. The art on which he preaches is the art of Rossetti, of Burne-Jones, of

"Religion in Recent Art." By P. T. Forsyth, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Holman Hunt, and of Watts, and he also adds a chapter on Wagner. In Pre-Raphaelism he sees the great Protestant movement in English Art. "Raphael," he continues, "represents the moment when the conventional influence was just mastering and enslaving the simple, noble and natural sincerity of the earlier school." After referring to Raphael's "splendid but passing empire," he writes:—"And a painter like Holman Hunt reminds us of what history teaches, that the most distinctively Christian arts are based on Protestant principles and the doctrine of the Resurrection. True art is not compatible with Romanism any more than true science." Whatever our readers may think of Dr. Forsyth's opinions on art, they will all agree that the eight illustrations of pictures by the artists mentioned above are excellently reproduced.



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"A MATTER OF SENTIMENT"

Dick Vincent, the hero of John Strange Winter's new novel (F. V. White and Co.) is a young gentleman who "has put his hand to the plough"—the plough being a determination that, whatever happens, nothing shall make him own to having shot his friend and partner, Roger Meredith, in a struggle with revolvers. It is true that the homicide was entirely justifiable as an act of self defence against a ruffian who had gone mad with whisky. But it might have led to considerable inconvenience—firstly, in California, where it occurred, and afterwards in England, when Dick found himself over head and ears in love with the daughter of the man who had died by his hand. So, like the prudent young gentleman that he invariably showed himself to be, he held his tongue. Fortune, moreover, was his constant friend—his prospective mother-in-law, Meredith's widow, when on the eve of certain discovery, fell dead at his feet from the effects of "doing" New York with too much energy in hot weather; and the only other man who knew all about the business was good-natured enough not to tell Mrs. Dick Vincent that she was the bride of the man who had shot her father. Indeed, she is left at the close in the happy belief that the real homicide had been no other than the same good-natured friend.

"THE MAKING OF A DOVE"

The Amy of Mary E. Mann's story (T. Fisher Unwin) is Dove by surname and Dove by nature. "Oh, what a power has white simplicity!" is the title-page motto; and it is well illustrated by the fascination exercised by the woman who had never ceased to be the merest child. There is an amount of genuine originality in her combination of unexpected capacities when there was need with the characteristics of an actual "Innocent" when there was none—of the Innocent, that is to say, who recalls the unselfish, sympathetic "Simpleton" of folk-lore, who generally ends in marriage, according to sex, with a king or a king's daughter. No such luck, alas, is in store for poor Amy Dove, whose only wedding-ring had been her mother's, and came to her own finger from a South African battlefield. Mary E. Mann has given us an exceedingly graceful and pathetic tale, as sympathetic as its heroine; while the goats of fiction—a famous company—will have no reason to bleed disapproval of the pranks of Amy's inseparable "Little Billee."

"INSECT LIFE: SOUVENIRS OF A NATURALIST"

English entomologists will owe a debt of gratitude to the author of "Mademoiselle Mori" for her admirable translation of the work of the great French naturalist whom Darwin styled the "immortal Fabre." In an interesting preface, Mr. David Sharp remarks that the great merit of this scientist lies in his graphic portraiture of the living insect as it really is, and not as it is usually supposed to be by the uninstructed, and as it is only too frequently represented to be in books. This volume is almost entirely concerned with the instinct of Hymenoptera. The work is well illustrated by M. Prendergast Parker, and ably edited by Mr. F. Merrifield.

"Insect Life: Souvenirs of a Naturalist." By J. H. Fabre. (Macmillan.)



BARON TADASU HAYASHI

The Japanese Minister who signed the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of Alliance

"ON COMMANDO"

That good old rhyme of the early eighteen-hundreds:—

"Two skinny Frenchmen, and one Portugee
One jolly Englishman can lick 'em all three"

aptly expresses the spirit of Mr. George Hansly Russell's thoroughly up-to-date novel (Hutchinson and Co.); and when it is Boers who are in question, one jolly Irishman can lick—well, any number. Indeed that seems almost a matter of course, when a single old Hottentot lady can hold her kitchen against seven of them with no weapon against their Mausers but a red-hot poker. In short, posterity will gather from Mr. Russell's pages that the great British

Empire was unable to deal summarily with a pack of low-comedy idiots and poltroons, and had much better have handed over the business to old Sannie, the Hottentot cook, and to a certain "Child of the Amatakulu," to whose loftiness of diction the last Mohican's was but common prose. The love story, telling how the lovely Mary Lorimer was persecuted by a brutal commandant, while her heart had been given to a beautiful but otherwise inefficient Captain, is of a pleasantly antique order.

"THE GREEN TURBANS"

The discovery by a great Moorish chief that the English wife whom he passionately loved had been the betrayer to a horrible death of an adored brother whom he had devoted his life to avenge, is the sensation romantic theme of "The Green Turbans," by J. McLaren Cobban (John Long). The story is certainly not without power, inasmuch as the sympathies of the reader are gradually gathered and absorbed by the treacherous woman who had sold a guest's life for money: an artistic achievement indeed; while her final fate forms a dramatically effective close. The scene is laid partly in Fez and partly in London, with an important excursion into Scotland, and the characters are picturesquely various, from the elaborately polished French diplomat (the villain of the piece) to the howling Moslem fanatic, or up again to the Sultan of Morocco. Altogether it is a good story, well written, and with backbone.

Baron Hayashi

THE Japanese Minister, Baron Tadasu Hayashi, who has come into such prominence over the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, has been long in the public service of Japan, and has held several diplomatic posts with marked ability and success. He speaks English well. Baron Hayashi was accredited to the Court of St. James's on July 10, 1900, and he presented fresh letters of credence to the King on March 18 last. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

THE KATE GREENAWAY MEMORIAL.—An influential committee has been formed to promote a scheme for a memorial to the late Miss Kate Greenaway, and as she was pre-eminently the children's artist, it is suggested that children themselves should take the principal part in raising the funds required. Collection cards for subscriptions of a penny and upwards can be had by applying to the Honorary Treasurer, Lee Manor, Great Missenden, Bucks, and a card, with two full-page illustrations by Kate Greenaway, will be sent as receipt to all collections of at least 10s. It has been decided that the most appropriate form for the memorial to take is the perpetual endowment of a "Kate Greenaway" child's cot at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street. If sufficient money is collected cots may also be established in Children's Hospitals in other towns.

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(5) Their freedom from noxious germs and the irritating products of decomposition.

(6) The ease with which they can be prepared. The Milk Foods need the addition of hot water only and the Malted Food boiling milk and water.

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Snake Brooch

An Accident at Punchestown.

It is but seldom that the photographic expert, enterprising though he may be, is able to secure so striking an illustration as this picture of an accident at the celebrated Irish racecourse. The photographer (a well-known Dublin amateur) may indeed be congratulated upon producing one of the most successful instantaneous pictures which the camera has given us.

To the sportsman this photographic reproduction must be extremely interesting, and it is one from a new catalogue issued by C. P. Goerz, dealing with his Anschutz Folding Camera (the instrument with which this fine snapshot was obtained). This catalogue, which is one of the finest ever produced in the photographic trade, is crowded from end to end with pictures equally novel; views both of London, on the Continent, of the Queen's funeral, horsemanship and golfing pictures. There are but really



few high-class cameras on the market, and competent judges would without question rank the Goerz Anschutz Folding Camera very highly, if not actually placing it in the premier position, for the instrument has every desirable quality in its favour. Its lightness, compactness, the fact that it can be used with either plates, cut films, or daylight loading cartridges, must commend it to everyone using a camera for pleasure, while the excellence of its results convinces the most serious of workers that these features have not been obtained by any sacrifice of efficiency. The catalogue, although of course intended to illustrate the capabilities of this well-known camera, is nevertheless of extreme interest to every reader of THE GRAPHIC, since it shows in a most striking manner the possibilities of modern photography. It is well worthy of more than a passing perusal. It may be obtained (if THE GRAPHIC is mentioned and 4d. postage sent) of C. P. GOERZ'S West End Agents, The London Stereoscopic Co., 106-108, Regent Street, W., or from C. P. GOERZ, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

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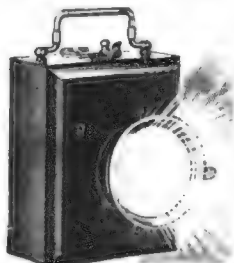
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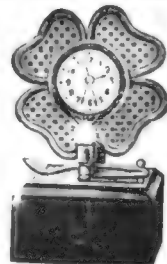
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WOMEN GOING TO MARKET A WINTER SCENE NEAR AMSTERDAM

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

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WINTER RAINS

The winter rains fall very heavily, as is generally known, in Wales and the Lake District, but it is less universally recognised that twenty inches are recorded in the three winter months in Nithsdale, Annandale, and in the country between Moffat and Glasgow, while in the Cheviots and the counties of Berwick, Haddington, and the Lothians eight inches is seldom exceeded. The whole of Cornwall experiences fifteen inches of rainfall, but the west is not appreciably wetter than the east of the county. In Devon there are great differences, Plymouth being three inches wetter than Torquay, and Barnstaple being an inch wetter than Lynmouth. The driest towns in winter include Yarmouth, Norwich, Lincoln, Boston, Hull, York, Scarborough, and Sunderland. Cambridge is a little drier than Oxford, but not much. Nine inches is the three months' average for London, Oxford, Birmingham, and Liverpool, a line of average rainfall passing right

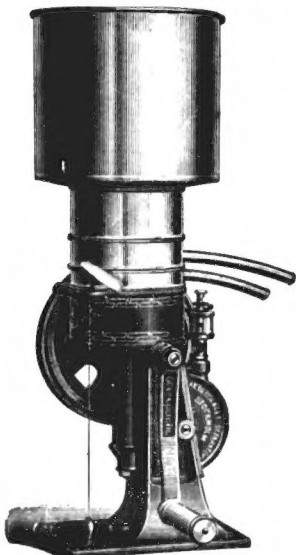
across England from north-west to south-west. Of watering-places, Hastings and Brighton are wetter at this season than Ramsgate or Margate, but they are two degrees warmer. The Isle of Wight and Bournemouth are appreciably wetter than London. There is a heavy fall of rain in the Matlock and Buxton district of Derbyshire. In this region eighteen inches fall in three months. Of places which we should expect to be alike in rainfall, Ipswich is wetter than Norwich, Bath than Bristol, Hereford than Worcester, and Weymouth than Bournemouth.

THE PEASANT AND THE POLICE

French writers just now have been dwelling on the remarkable returns of crime in their country, according to which offences against property are four times as numerous as those against the person in the towns, while in the rural districts the figures are almost exactly reversed. The fact at first appears to be that the countryman does in truth become "urbane" by entering into urban habits

of life, while "sauvage" really needs both its meanings. But jurists are pointing out that it is difficult to rob a country neighbour whose land is a fixture and whose crops are things that it takes time to detach from the soil. Still, poultry and many other things remain which would give plenty of facilities to the criminally disposed, and on the whole it seems that France may fairly boast of the property-respecting instincts of her peasantry. The acts of violence are, however, a terrible record. The dullness of country life in French villages seems to lead to periodical needs of excitement which can only find an outlet in physical crime, and the enormous amount of petty litigation which goes on causes extreme bitterness and rancour. This is an unforeseen result of "cheap law" and also of codified law, for the small peasant owner nearly always has a copy of the code, and is himself a bit of a lawyer. There is a decline in poaching, possibly because there is so little left to poach.

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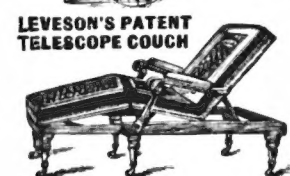
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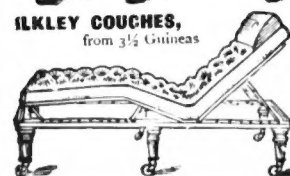
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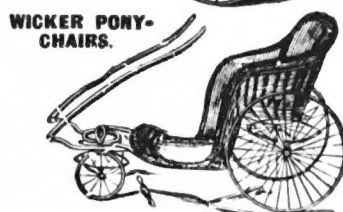


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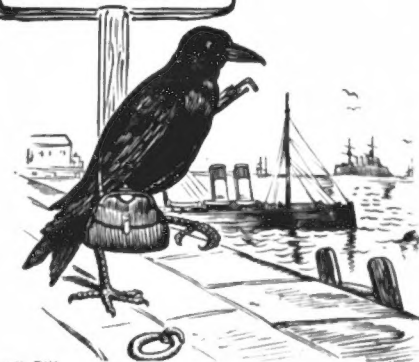
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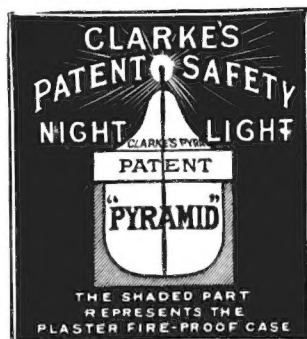
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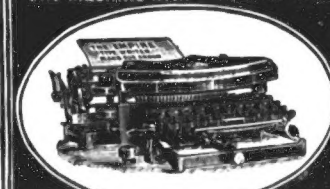
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